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We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

This has been a great week in the life of Ulster, the greatest, without the faintest doubt, since the Battle of the Boyne. The appointing of the Provisional Government at Belfast is a step there is no going back upon, and the speeches of the Ulster leaders on Wednesday showed they realised it. Lord Londonderry made the best speech of his thirty-five years of public life. It was a most moving speech with no waste word and no commonplace and no false sentiment. People who scoff at it are mocking fools.

Sir Edward Carson always makes great speeches on Ulster, because he feels deeply and intensely and is perfectly simple and sincere. It may be said that there is often something half child-like in the simple way he speaks: but that is often so with great and simple-minded men. Lord Londonderry spoke of the dark times ahead. It may be hard to exaggerate the gloom of the outlook. But we believe at least some light is showing now, and will show still more, in the making of character and fortitude through this Ulster crisis—"And shine in the sudden making of splendid names".

Gardiner, in a fine passage in his "History of the Civil War", describes the "moderate man". He gives the right meaning of moderate in this relation. Gardiner's moderate man is the wise and knowing man who is always seeking out modes of settlement in difficult affairs among dissonant claimants. Moderation in Gardiner's sense is true statecraft. It is utterly remote from the moderation which is preached by mediocre and unimaginative people who always weakly want a middling course in everything—the people whom Canning poured scorn on.

Now if Lord Loreburn, by "conversations" or other means, can get together his moderate men, we see no reason why Unionists should not regard a Conference benevolently. His idea has been crabbed in the Liberal Press on the whole. But there happen to be—beyond all doubt—one or two strong minds among the Liberal leaders that wish for a settlement. Moreover, why, because Liberals and Irish Nationalists are damning it with faint praise, should Unionists bitterly assail the proposal? A great many detached voters throughout the country will dislike an intolerable or reckless spirit against Lord Loreburn's appeal, or against "conversations" among the leaders. On the other hand, an equable spirit shown by Unionists will help to gain us their support. The "Standard" on Thursday in a very important article announced that there have already been some "informal exchanges" of views between leaders.

It is absolutely consistent—consistent in logic, common sense, and humane conduct—to view Lord Loreburn's appeal kindly and yet make all ready in Ulster against the worst: he must be a muddle-headed man who cannot see this. Do leaders in actual war, when they meet to discuss a possible truce or settlement, order their soldiers to disarm themselves?

We favour, then, the idea of a Conference if one can be arranged; but none the less—nay, still the more—we entirely approve Ulster's perfecting all her plans against Home Rule, as we have already insisted. It would be fatal if Ulster for a moment relaxed. Sir Edward Carson and Mr. F. E. Smith are doing great service for Ulster and the whole Empire. It is a good thing, too, that the truth about officers in the Army and their attitude towards Ulster is now public. It is clear that a good many British officers will openly join Ulster if needs be; and who believes that those who do not join would ever be ready to order their men to fire on the loyalists? Lips would be bronze indeed—in Carlyle's metaphor—which gave that order.

Mr. J. M. Robertson has suddenly leapt to fame with his threat to boycott Ulster through the penny post. Dimly he was known to the informed as a lesser column

of the Ministry and connected with the Board of Trade. Now he has let the Government cat out of the post-bag and is world-famous. Oddly enough, another Radical Robertson leapt to fame in much the same way: there was a Mr. Robertson, Civil Lord of the Admiralty, paid a thousand a year to keep his mouth open in the country—to recall Louis Jennings—who once opened it wide in the House with a great onslaught on Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. The House rocked with laughter when Mr. Chamberlain replied, but all the same Mr. Robertson grew famous.

The Government should restrain Mr. Robertson. The time is not well chosen for more talk of "wooden guns" and "King Carson" and "bluster" and "fanaticism", and a "harum-scarum Government". Radicals now are dropping this inane rubbish. Mr. Robertson's passages about King Carson's taxes read foolishly beside the news that £1,000,000 is already raised as an indemnity fund for volunteers hurt while on duty. Ten thousand pounds of this is subscribed by Sir Edward Carson himself.

Mr. Robertson's leaders take Ulster more seriously. His smug hopefulness—"we have only to keep cool and go on, and the Ulster difficulty will solve itself"—is entirely his own. Even Mr. Robertson lets sobriety peep from his jauntiness. "I am not saying it will only be a farce", says Mr. Robertson; "it began in farce, and I think it will end in farce. But there may be trouble."

What is Mr. Lloyd George's intention in reminding Lord Salisbury of various business dealings of his family in the past? Does he suggest that these dealings were improper—every way as indelicate as his own dealings in American Marconis? Does he wish to infer that the late Lord Salisbury, Mr. Balfour, Lord Selborne, and Mr. Lloyd George are miserable sinners all? Or is it Mr. George's aim to put himself in company so good that he must needs be above suspicion? What really is the precise point of his angry accusations—if accusations they are? Is it his point that the transactions of Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour were innocent and honourable, and that he is as innocent and honourable as they? Or is it his point that the transactions were culpable and that they are as culpable as he?

It is not at all clear. Mr. George's letter is not so frank a document as it seems. Two of the accused—if accused they really are—are not even named; and the charge—if charge it really is—against the one person who is named is recited in the language of a third person.

The only clear point of Mr. George's letter is that he definitely puts himself into the society of the late Lord Salisbury. The present Lord Salisbury does not seem to think that his father would have admitted him. We would point out that in one essential point Lord Salisbury's defence of his interests as a landowner to which Mr. George alludes differs utterly from Mr. George's speculation in American Marconis. Lord Salisbury acted openly and in Parliament. The story is plainly written down in "Hansard". The English public could see—was invited to see—at every stage what he was doing, and Parliament was appealed to at every turn. But at the time when the Government was dealing with the Marconi Company neither the House of Commons nor the country knew anything about the speculations of Sir Rufus Isaacs and Mr. Lloyd George. Lord Salisbury had nothing to conceal, nothing he would rather the House of Commons did not know. It could be said of Lord Salisbury that not only was he incorrupt, but that he avoided even the appearance of corruption. "Nothing speculative and nothing kept out of sight" is Lord Salisbury's way to-day of contrasting his father's conduct in 1877 with the conduct of Mr. George in 1913.

In the magnificent compliments that passed at the Elysée between President Poincaré and King Constantine

there is little to suggest the exasperation of two people who hardly know what to say to one another. King Constantine's loud praise of the German Army still rangles; and French feeling is not improved by his coolly studied references to France's "eminent officers of all arms". President Poincaré's speech seemed to invite a greater warmth than was felt in King Constantine's response. French newspapers even say that the Greeks should be suitably punished by a withdrawal of the French military mission from their country. It is felt by these ardent Parisians that, if the Greeks cannot realise that the French Army is every way equal to the German, they do not deserve the instruction of French officers.

The understanding reached last week between Turkey and Bulgaria throws into high relief small difficulties and troubles between the lesser parties. Albania has broken into actual war upon the frontiers of Serbia. The Albanian tribes, as yet under no sort of government, find that several villages of Albania fall, under the new arrangements, within the limits of Serbia. Such a frontier they will not respect. Even the arrangement between Turkey and Bulgaria, concluded only a week ago, is questioned. A slice of Turkish territory in Thrace, handed over to Bulgaria last week, is now asking for autonomy. There is even talk of a new combination between Turkey and Bulgaria against Greece. King Constantine may have further opportunities of testing his Prussian principles.

"Those men who tell you that, because you have had no invasion since the Norman Conquest, you will never have one, and that you need not guard against it, are old men." Lord Palmerston, on the Militia Bill of 1852, speaks to-day not like an old man, but level with the time.

People to-day think very little about invasion; and less about the Army. Perhaps in this week of manœuvres quite ordinary folk have remembered, almost with astonishment, that England has an army which is kept in training and readiness for war. Even the people who have not come upon the troops at work will have read with interest that King George has this week visited Northampton and spent a long day in the field. Intelligent observers have possibly compared the English manœuvres with similar movements in greater armies abroad. They have realised, perhaps, the difference between manœuvres in countries where every citizen is a soldier and manœuvres in a country where the army is strictly professional. Let them compare, and compare again. Above all, let them compare the figures.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling talked to the people of Sussex upon the chances and the meaning of invasion as a patriot who loves his country with heart and brain. Only an audience deaf to the ring of true sincerity could hear these words and utterly forget them. Still less could they detect anything the least inflated. Mr. Kipling knows the meaning of war. "What the Balkan states can stand for twelve months and still breathe would knock us out of time in six weeks." Mr. Kipling spoke from a platform of the National Service League. He told his audience he could sympathise with the League speakers in their task of making people grasp things imaginatively.

Who would rob a poor man of his button? The omnibus dispute was settled this week—thanks to that able and fortunate man, Sir George Askwith—on lines of common sense. Not only is the button to be recognised in future, in moderation—not too much button, but just button enough to satisfy the liberty of the subject—but the men's union is to be recognised too. We do not see that the masters will lose much more by recognising the union than the men will gain by wearing the button. No money passes (at the moment, at any rate), and if we go to the root of the thing—which is not a long way down—it is money which both sides are really out for in the main.

Some people have said all through "Why not recognise the unions all round at once? You'll have to do it in the end". Now that is immoral and cowardly. It is the policy which years ago Lord Morley called "flaccid fatalism"—when he was arguing against labour demands too! On that sort of line we might have abolished the House of Lords years ago because "you'll have to do it in the end"; we might give every woman the vote because "you'll have to do it in the end"; we might disestablish the Churches and have a "reign of reason" because "you'll have to do it in the end". It is as if a man did not trouble to call in a doctor to ward off the dangers of a fever or severe illness because "you'll have to die in the end".

It is the policy not only of cowards but of foolish people who do not understand that, even though a thing is coming "in the end", it is profoundly right and necessary to struggle often against it. People who are blind to this have not studied either the story of nature or the story of man. But we do not see that it was necessary for Messrs. Tilling to hold out and die in the last ditch of recognition. They have decided well in not dying there. They do not seem really to have hurt themselves or the public or any principle. They have behaved very reasonably, and the public is not likely to forget this if another dispute arises.

The omnibus men are an exceptionally good class of workers. They are—with rare exceptions—civil and obliging to the public. They work hard and are quick and painstaking. Their skill in traffic is marked; and often their skill in London fogs is not short of wonderful. The one serious fault of the conductors is their habit of going on before the passenger is fairly off the step and of not quite stopping till he is fairly upon the step. Anybody who gets a fall or injury owing to this habit should promptly prosecute the company.

Recognition and the privilege to "sport" union buttons—we believe that on the whole the public will say that the men have the right to these. But when it comes to "peaceful persuasion" the public, we are sure, will be found in quite another mind. Peaceful persuasion is no doubt in some instances peaceful and persuasive. When it is so, it is all very well. But in thousands and tens of thousands of instances it is not peaceful; it is not persuasive.

It is simply making a man's life a burden to him. It is scoffing at him in public places; striking him with words that can often strike harder than blows. It is bullying and blackguarding him. It is ten men or twenty against one; and only the strongest can stand up against its savage spite.

The English railwaymen, as well as the omnibus men, have come to terms; and all seems to have ended happily. But we shall hear more of the railway troubles of last week. Here was no quarrel about a button, or about recognising the union. The railwaymen have got a good deal further than that. This doctrine of tainted goods will be heard again, and resisted again. The masters cannot give way. The sympathetic strike, as understood by Mr. Larkin, flatly sets class against class, masters against men. The men at Birmingham have for the moment given way, partly because the goods they would not handle were found to be not "tainted" at all (so that their quarrel was ridiculous); partly because their leaders would not support them.

Here is another misfortune. This business at Birmingham and Liverpool has not improved the relations of the men with their leaders. The men came out without asking their leaders' advice: their leaders refused to support them; and afterwards read them a lecture. There are always noisy and envious people in a trade-union who dislike their leaders without reason. These are busily suggesting to the men that

they have been badly "left". Events in Birmingham have had a bad effect upon the weakest place in trade-unionism. To work at all the members of a union must stand by their leaders; accept what is done by their leaders; and break no bargains which their leaders have pledged them to. If trade-unions cannot be trusted to make a bargain and to keep it, to act responsibly through their officers and abide by their pledges, there may as well be an end of buttons and of recognition—of trade-unionism itself.

This question of irresponsible conduct and dishonoured bargains is one of the principal difficulties in Dublin. The other difficulty is the sympathetic strike. Here men and masters equally refuse to give way. Trade-unionists may now realise whither the sympathetic strike is leading. The corollary of a sympathetic strike is a sympathetic lock-out. Pursue the event to a logical issue, and you see, in the end, society parted into two camps—a camp of wage-earners refusing to work till the grievance of every individual wage-earner is satisfied, and a camp of masters locking out the whole industrial population of Great Britain until the terms of every individual employer have been met.

The national union of employers—a logical riposte to the "sympathetic" strike—is already formed. A combination of masters, with a war-chest of £50,000,000, opposed to a combination of trade-unions, with strike funds and food-ships, is a poor prospect for industry. But this is what syndicalism means. If workers combine to take to themselves the control and profits of industry, the masters will combine to resist them. Every way the event is deplorable. The problem to-day is to make the work-people realise that masters and men must pull together. Their employers' war-chest of £50,000,000 will not help the workers to believe that the interests of masters and men are identical. Syndicalism of the masters is provoked by syndicalism of the men. The justification of the employers' defence union is the "divine mission" of Mr. Larkin.

Sir George Askwith is to go to Dublin; so that the merits of the original dispute there between men and masters will at last be coolly considered. But wages and hours of labour have nothing to do with the question as to how rioters with sticks and stones should be handled by the police. There has been more rioting, with fierce letting of blood upon both sides. Public opinion will not waver here in supporting the police without reserve. Some English Labour leaders have been over to Dublin to report impartially upon the conduct of the Dublin police in dealing with the riots of a few weeks ago. They find that the police have behaved disgracefully. The English public is well used to this sort of "impartiality". They see it—Mr. Keir Hardie upon the bench—whenever an anarchist is restrained in India, or a law-breaker arrested in England.

M. Adolphe Pégoud's performance at Brooklands is not a mere exhibition of trick flying. "Looping the loop" suggests the Earl's Court Exhibition, and when we read of him describing not only an S in the air, but a spiral volplane hanging head downwards, we are apt at first to wonder whether such feats are meant merely to tickle the public. But it must be remembered that these experiments are scientific. M. Pégoud's machine is an ordinary Blériot single-seater monoplane, and differs in no material respect from that on which Beaumont flew in the circuit of Great Britain. M. Pégoud's experiments show that for the Blériot machine at any rate "automatic stability" is very near.

It would be a great pity if anything were allowed to prevent the complete success of the proposed memorial to Father Stanton. Some misunderstanding

seems to have arisen as to Father Stanton's property and the terms of his will. Mr. E. F. Russell has very rightly published the letters between himself and the Archdeacon of London, which fully explains matters. The sum required for the memorial, £10,000, looks large. "But then", writes Mr. Russell, "he filled a large place and touched for good so many hundreds of lives that anything on a smaller scale would be wanting in proportion, and would fail to satisfy our admiration, our sense of debt, our gratitude".

The uncanny victory of Mr. Francis Ouimet, the young Boston amateur, in the American Open Golf Championship has a psychological interest. It is an instance of the power of thought. Given a dense mass of people with wills concentrated to the utmost stretch on one idea and one idea only, the victory of their man, must not this united force prevail? That it did prevail is certain. The immense din, the yells, cheers, and cat-calls as Ouimet gradually drew ahead would not alone have been sufficient to demoralise such seasoned players as Ray and Vardon. There was something else at work to account for the way they went to pieces towards the end. The atmosphere was charged with the overwhelming force of hundreds of opposed wills.

This idea, though it may seem fanciful, is based upon the latest teachings of psychology, and it may be held to account for the extraordinary reversals of form so frequently shown in games and athletics. A man who does well at home, surrounded by his friends and sympathisers, will frequently make a sorry show before strangers. Englishmen are seldom at their best when playing games in America.

Professor Brewster's defence of stock phrases in his book on the writing of English in the "Home University Library" has led to some lively letters in the "Times". Professor Brewster considers that stock phrases indicate a natural tendency against which it is wasteful to strive. "They are an intellectual shorthand, most of the business of life is done by them, and they help us like habits and customs." We all slip into the hateful things in speech and writing, but however pardonable their use may be in talking, they are a sin in literature. They really disguise a poverty of thought and fancy.

The Duke of Wellington's "circumstances over which I have no control" is a good instance of the stock phrase. Another is found in the expression "it is a far cry", the desperate expedient of a writer who wishes to apologise for an abrupt transition. "Much water has flowed under the bridge since then" and "How small the world is!" are other familiar examples. It is indeed almost impossible to take up a newspaper or book without coming across a few instances. As the "Times" points out, there are dozens of stock phrases, either vaguely mysterious like the Duke of Wellington's, or charged with a forced vivacity, or tricked out with stale poetry, which any good writer recognises at once as an evasion of difficulties, as signs that the writer is pretending to mean more than he does mean, or to feel more than he does feel, or to know more than he does know.

Patrick Ford, writing of dynamite, was writing of himself: "If dynamite is necessary to the redemption of Ireland, then dynamite is a blessed agent. The Creator called nothing into existence in vain. Every creature of God is good, and nothing is to be rejected when it can be made to subserve a good cause". Ford, assuming his cause was good, lived, in all his career, up to the spirit of this passage, applauding the murderers of Cavendish and Wyllie, inciting his associates to lay London in ashes. We cannot even at this moment pretend to see any virtue in the public career of Patrick Ford.

KEEPING THE PEACE.

THE Government has got out its plan of campaign against Ulster. It is not going to shoot at the loyalists to start with; it is afraid the troops might miss. It is going to stop their letters instead. This meanest of wretched little mean plans is in the charge of that Apollo of admiring understrappers, Mr. J. M. Robertson. But let us leave him and his policy to the contempt of everyone worth calling a man, and turn to Ulster instead, where they have a stronger strain.

If Ulster is to be forced out of the Union, Ulster is to be held in trust for the Empire. This much, at least, is guaranteed by the great acts this week at Belfast.

The Unionist Council has gone into practical politics, as Lord Londonderry's fine speech proved. Military preparations far from engross the programme. Should the Provisional Government ever actually come into being it will take charge of every branch of the civil administration. Hateful as is the prospect of a possible conflict, its inconveniences will for Ulster be reduced to a minimum. The men who before long may be forced to take personal charge of their country are resolved that in the end they will hand it back bearing the mark of a faithful stewardship and without dishonour. The leader has given his pledge that none shall be molested for religious faith or political conviction, and the promise will be kept to the letter. Sir Edward Carson's return to Ireland, the calm tone of everything that has been said at the session of the Council, and the appointment of General Sir George Richardson to command the Volunteer Force, are all facts for which every peaceable citizen of the United Kingdom should be thankful.

Home Rulers have at last owned that the situation is not farcical. They have, in fact, begun to talk somewhat wildly about sedition, but it is to the good that the discussion has been purged of stale jests. Mr. Robertson, alone, cannot refrain from these. The great events of the last ten days have shown that the Irish Unionists are not playing at soldiers in order to frighten the English democracy. The new charge is that their leader is "inciting the hooligans" to riot and deeds of blood. Actually, of course, he is the one man above all others who at the present time of difficulty is keeping the peace, and the Volunteer Force is the strongest possible weapon for preserving order.

In every district of Ireland where there is any considerable Protestant population political and religious feelings have for some time past been at fever heat. Irishmen, whether natives or of other blood, have not as a rule gained fame for their ability to settle controversial points in a quiet manner. An impartial survey of history shows that the finest qualities of the races have generally been displayed on the battlefield. If this has been the normal state of things in the country during at least the last three centuries, it is clear that all the old enmities must be trebled in their fury at the present moment. Let us for a minute imagine that the Ulster Unionists had no clever statesman for their leader, and that no military element had been introduced into the plan of resistance to Home Rule. In such circumstances the country would months ago have been in chaos, with Hibernians and Orangemen at one another's throats. Hot-headed enthusiasts would not have delayed fighting until the Bill became law. Any little episode might have set the land on fire. An insult to the Union Jack, a curse for the Pope, or even a reference to Derry, Aughrim, or the Boyne, and we should have seen Shankhill and Falls Road marching against one another, but it would not have been a common riot which the Constabulary could quell. With Home Rule coming out of the air to settle on the earth, such a collision would have made the streets of Belfast run with blood, and in no district with a mixed population would there have been safety for life or property. Very likely the business might have been started by some fool or rogue, but, as is the way with riots, honest men would have been quickly involved.

Nothing of the sort has, however, occurred. The single outbreak at Derry has had no results outside the

city. Unionist opinion in Ulster is being directed by a strong and wise man who has seen that peace can best be kept by military discipline, and that the energy of his followers can be most safely utilised by enlisting them in the army of defence. The resort to arms will only be taken in the last extremity. The man who has been taught to carry a rifle on his shoulder is the least likely person to carry a revolver in his pocket. The Unionists, being now a trained and organised body with arms ready to hand, can be trusted to resist any temptation to take summary vengeance for the flouts of their Nationalist neighbours. Further, the appearance of the Volunteer Force has a healthy and restraining influence on the Hibernians, and Sir Edward Carson's tour through the country is a simple proof of this. Only the other day he addressed an open-air meeting at Newry without any untoward incident, although the town is represented in Parliament by a Home Ruler and the majority of its people are, presumably, against the Union. We cannot believe that the peaceful reception he met there was merely extended as a matter of courtesy. The escort of Yeomen and the parade of some 650 Volunteers formed the real reason why heads were not broken that day.

Both parties in Ireland have constantly experienced the difficulty of holding any sort of political demonstration without turmoil; yet now, at the hour of crisis, the seemingly impossible thing has been accomplished. Sir Edward Carson's speeches have been full of winged words, but they have only harmed the Government and its wretched Bill. No Roman Catholic citizen has taken hurt in life, limb, or worldly possession.

There has been no disorder whatever, and the ordinary business of the country still proceeds. How, then, can anybody at all reasonably compare the Ulster movement with the behaviour of Mr. Larkin and his friends in Dublin? Radicals and Nationalists having no lawful acts at which to point must needs, of course, declare that the Volunteers and their leader are potential criminals because they are preparing to resist Hibernian rule! Moreover, as they refuse to prepare in secret, they are proclaimed guilty of open treason in at least a futurist sense. Nobody, however, really desires the arrest of Sir Edward Carson, for everybody well knows that he is the chief prop of peace to-day. After many fierce cries, the "Daily Chronicle" simmers down to suggesting that his name should be removed from the list of Privy Councillors. Here, in truth, is a patent pill to cure a revolution! Quite a number of other "rebels" might, we fancy, be forbidden for the future to write "J.P." after their names.

Armed resistance is, of course, none the less a serious matter because it belongs to the future, but in certain events it is justifiable. The Ulster army has been got together for defensive purposes, and it stands as a warning, though no shot has yet been fired. The sudden respect which has come to the Radical party for the things by law established is simply a pious fraud. The Revolution of 1688 was as unconstitutional a step as has ever been taken, but it has constantly been upheld by men of Liberal opinion as a righteous move against potential tyranny. What England did then Ulster may surely do now. The matter is as plain as a pikestaff, and, like that ancient weapon, it brooks no argument. To say that defence of threatened liberty is a criminal act simply means going back on the whole course of our history. Magna Charta would never have been signed if the Barons had had no force behind them, and if the doctrine of Passive Obedience must always be followed we obviously ought to have a Stuart monarch on the throne to-day!

Meanwhile we may take a little personal satisfaction in the fact that the first substantial account of the position in Ulster appeared in the SATURDAY REVIEW at the beginning of the present month, when Irish affairs were attracting but little attention. Everything then written of the "New Model Army", including a statement of the aid it was receiving from British officers, has now been proved up to the hilt. Ulster has responded nobly to the call to arms, and has been able to give its leader the right sort of greeting. The loyal men and

women of the North have, as the Marchioness of Londonderry said at Antrim, displayed their belief in their cause in the practical way. Though without "the four hundred sovereign reasons" of the Parliamentarian, they have put themselves to trouble and inconvenience in a manner which leaves no lingering doubt about their sincerity, and at Randalstown the leader did not scruple to mention his own sacrifices for the cause. That so much enthusiasm has been kept in such perfect order is, we contend, due entirely to wise leadership and the virtues of military discipline and organisation. The whole country owes a debt of gratitude to Sir Edward Carson for the fact that it still enjoys peace, but it is the minorities in the various parts of Ireland who should be most thankful to him. If among the Orangemen there are any of the roughs and hooligans which the Radical press imagines, then should the Nationalists of Belfast raise a statue in Falls Road to their preserver.

THE CASE FOR A CONFERENCE.

WHY confer at all? The question comes from some people on either side. Radicals who get their ideas from the "Daily News" hold that Ulster is bluffing; for them there is no crisis, and accordingly no need for conference. Then there are Unionists who mistrust a Conference. In any Conference between a Government and an Opposition, they argue, the Government is at an advantage and the Opposition must take what it can get. To confer must thus mean to compromise Ulster. If we shared that fear we would not listen to the word Conference. But it is not true that we should go into Conference as the weaker party. The weaker party is the party representing a minority of the electorate, and on this question the electorate has not spoken since 1895. It was Unionist then, and for all we know to the contrary is Unionist now. No one really believes that Home Rule was prominently before the voters' minds in 1910. The last election was fought on the Parliament Act, and not on its Irish consequence, as Mr. Birrell himself was careful to point out. The electorate remains the unknown factor in our problem, and if the Government wish to confer on the understanding that the issue has been decided in principle against us there can be no Conference. It is even possible that a Conference would decide nothing except that an election must take place before anything can be decided. That was the only upshot of the constitutional Conference of 1910, and an Irish Conference which led to the same result would simplify the situation in some degree, and is desirable on that ground alone.

Interested Radicals, however, are constantly submitting that Unionist supporters of the Conference idea must be greatly distressed by Sir Edward Carson's proceedings. They may make the point so persistently that Unionists will come to feel that there must be something in it; all prospects of a Conference will then be at an end. Unionists do not support a Conference as a means of restraining Sir Edward Carson, but because they wholeheartedly endorse all that Sir Edward has done and is preparing to do. If the consequences of Home Rule were not likely to be so fatal there would be no need for Unionists to confer on the Irish question. It is no business of ours to save our opponents from the ordinary political consequences of legislative folly. Party politics are not conducted on these quixotic lines. But it is our business to save Ireland from civil war if we can. With the prospects of such a disaster before us—and it is Sir Edward Carson who is now most honourably making it clear that they are before us—it is our duty to take exceptional steps. Similarly the Government would not think of conferring if they supposed the Unionist party to be wavering in its support of Ulster. Why should they make it easy for their opponents?

So much for dangerous misapprehensions. And, now that the elements of the situation are clear, suppose that an invitation to Conference is refused. What will then stand between Ireland and a civil war? Nothing but the chances of a dissolution. That the Government

would voluntarily dissolve after the rejection of their peace overtures is most improbable. Dissolution would involve not only a confession of impotence but the risk of their Welsh Church policy and their English Land policy, as well as of their Irish Government policy. There is no evidence that the Coalition is prepared to face this risk. Its members may be ready to swim together, but readiness to sink together is another matter.

Putting dissolution aside, the right question to ask here is not whether we can honourably confer but whether we can honourably refuse to confer; and there can surely be no doubt that patriotic men with the courage of their convictions are under the duty of setting everything except their convictions aside in the endeavour to avert civil war. The opposition to a Conference comes from those who fear it may entail a surrender of convictions. Of that there is no danger. The Unionist leaders would go into Conference as the representatives of Ulster. They can have no ground for going into Conference except as representatives of Ulster. It would be their business to discuss with the representatives of Nationalist opinion the possibilities of some alternative policy whose adoption will not mean civil war in Ireland. The final justification of a Conference lies in the fact that these possibilities have never been exhaustively canvassed. To enumerate them would be to wander from our present purpose and to anticipate the work of the Conference itself. But just to indicate that there are such possibilities let us note that ideas of federalism such as were in the air at the time of the Conference of 1910 have never been examined in detail. Moreover, the Irish problem, difficult as it is, is of a type not unfamiliar to British statesmanship. The conditions of Ireland find a parallel in India. There too the line of political division is racial and religious; there too there is a minority supreme in its own region. The Imperial Government has found means of reconciling Indian antagonisms, and has stood out as an impartial arbiter. It is just such a position that the leaders of the great British parties are called upon to occupy now. Sir Edward Carson has himself stated that Britain is the arbiter in the Irish struggle, and British Unionists need have no hesitation in performing what the Irish leader indicates as their duty.

It may be said that the moment is not propitious; that events have already marched so far that they must take their course; and that the time for what a Frenchman would call a policy of *apaisement* is either past or not yet come. Not so. This is peculiarly the time when the joint counsels of the two British parties may bring benefit to Ireland. Now, as never before, the British parties are irrevocably committed to their Irish allies. It is not possible to dissociate Unionism from Ulster or Radicalism from the Nationalists. Accordingly there is no likelihood that a settlement will be forced on Ireland against the wishes of Irishmen at the command of the British parties. No man who has studied our politics for the last forty years can well have failed to ask himself whether it might not somehow be possible to shelve the Irish question. Irish history affords examples enough of settlements forced on Ireland by a British Parliament tired of the whole thing, and all such settlements have left the Irish question worse than they found it. There is no chance of history repeating itself now. Our party leaders are pledged. They can mediate, but they cannot impose terms. The last work unmistakably rests not with Mr. Asquith and Lord Lansdowne, but with Mr. Redmond and Sir Edward Carson, and if there was ever a time when Ireland could trust England that time is now. That is why a Conference is Ireland's last hope.

Nor must it be forgotten that the arrangements of the Parliament Act impose a heavy responsibility upon the Opposition. Up to now it has been possible for a Government which found it had miscalculated the strength of opinion against a proposal to make concessions while the measure was under discussion and so attain a tolerable compromise. But Ministers' hands are now tied by their own Parliament Act. They may be willing to turn the Home Rule Bill inside out for

the sake of peace in Ireland, but their goodwill is powerless without the support of the Opposition. This follows from the working of the Parliament Act. Changes must be suggested by the House of Commons and made by the House of Lords. With a Coalition majority in one House and a Unionist majority in the other this plan can only be made effective by agreement. Even a Government possessed of an independent majority in the Commons could hardly propose terms of settlement which it was powerless to carry through, without first ascertaining whether those terms were likely to be received with favour. It is worth remembering that when Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman first introduced in 1907 the resolutions out of which the Parliament Act was eventually developed he contemplated not a Conference but a series of conferences between the two Houses. In the very grave situation now before us the need of arrangements for such conferences is patent. But just because things are so serious we Unionists should be willing to give the Government their chance.

If they really have proposals to make to the leaders of Ulster those proposals should receive a fair and patient hearing; and if they really desire a Conference they must restrain speakers like Mr. Robertson.

THE STRIKES.

THERE are certain resemblances, as well as contrasts, between the strike of the motor omnibus men in London and that of the transport workers in Dublin. Unfortunately the first point of contrast is that while the London strike has been settled the Dublin strike is still unsettled, though there are prospects, it is said, of a settlement being reached early next week when Sir George Asquith is to go to Dublin. Thousands of workmen and their families are starving, and there has been a renewal of rioting. The men are to be helped with a foodship and the Parliamentary Committee of the Trade Union Congress is to raise funds from trade unionists in England. Another point of contrast relates to the recognition of the unions. The London men were out for the recognition of their union, for that was the real question involved in the dispute which nominally began about the wearing of the button, and they have won on that. The suspicion of the men that the companies aimed at "smashing" the unions proved to be unfounded when the parties were brought together in conference under Sir George Asquith. The men until then had not been persuaded into belief in the companies' good intentions towards their unions. Yet the companies had protested all along that their feelings were benevolent and without malice.

Dublin is a poor comparison with happy England. In the Dublin strike it is a noticeable fact that wherever a shipping company, or a railway company, or the tramway company, or any carrier has had occasion to dismiss men of the Transport Workers' Union they have in every case explained that their action was not prompted by any animus against the men as trade unionists. More than this, until Mr. Larkin's recent extreme speeches and acts united all the employers with whom he had previously had dealings into unanimous resistance to his methods, the employers had actually conceded recognition. They had negotiated with Mr. Larkin himself as the representative of the unions, and had made agreements with him, and he claims that in consequence of this personal conduct of affairs by him he had considerably raised the wages and improved the conditions of his clients. Their objection to him was not as a negotiator. What drove them to desperation was that after he had made the agreements he either could not or would not secure the performance on his side. If, in the course of fresh disputes, it served his purpose, he called out the men in sympathetic strikes, utterly regardless that by so doing he broke all the agreements that he had previously made. His agreements failed to give security to the employers in the regular conduct

of their business; the organisation of their business was at his mercy; and while they were expected to perform the obligations he had imposed on them, they had no guarantee that he would perform what he had undertaken.

When the trade union delegates from the Congress appeared on the scene the companies made no objection to meeting them for discussion, and the negotiations broke down simply because neither the trade unionists of Ireland, nor the trade unionists of England, could guarantee that any bargain that might be made for the future would be kept any more than it had been in the past. This is in remarkable contrast with what happened at the settlement of the London strike. There seems to have been no serious difficulty anticipated that the men and their leaders would not in good faith carry out any engagement into which they entered. We see no reason for doubting from their previous history that the companies in Dublin were at least as well disposed towards unionism as the companies in London. If the London companies can trust their employees and the Dublin companies cannot the inference seems to be that it is because the Dublin companies have had unhappy experiences with their men which make it impossible to trust them.

It is on this matter of the non-observance of agreements that the chief difficulties of trade unions with employers have recently come to the front, and are likely to be more and more the difficulties of the future. The more responsible leaders of trade unions are fully awake to this, and they have recently given their very disorderly followers severe verbal lectures on their short-sightedness and recklessness. They have expressed themselves sensibly and strongly on the folly of the indiscriminate sympathetic strike which fritters away their resources, and has done more than anything else to induce the habit of bargain-breaking. In sheer self-protection and for their own interests, they are bound to set themselves to counteract the mania for striking for such absurd reasons as that of the handling of "tainted" goods upon which the Birmingham railway men came out. It is only a natural consequence that employers should start their £50,000,000 fund for protecting themselves.

And yet whom have these leaders but themselves and the Liberal Government to thank for the encouragement that has been given to the reckless strike and the breaking of bargains? The evil has grown to its present proportions since, and in consequence of, the passing of the Trade Disputes Act of 1908, which has been a direct incitement to the breaking of agreements. If employers have no guarantee for the observance of agreements, it is because the trade unions are no longer legally responsible for breaking the contracts between them and the employers. When there is no penalty on the breach of contracts how can we expect contracts to be performed? Trade unions cannot be sued on their contracts; they have always opposed being put in the position of other people, individuals or companies. They have preferred to remain in the condition of outlaws in order to enjoy the outlaw's irresponsibility and licence. But before the Trade Disputes Act the Courts had decided, very much to trade unionists' surprise and indignation, that the union funds were responsible to the employer in damages if the unions induced the men to break their contracts. All their political influence was brought to bear on the Liberal Government to have this decision reversed by legislation, and they got everything they demanded. For whatever they did in the course of trade disputes the unions were to be held irresponsible. If they called out their men in breach of their agreements as to wages or otherwise, and thus inflicted loss on the employers, they insisted that there must be no right of bringing actions against the unions to recover damages. They succeeded in compelling the Government to drop all the conditions by which it sought to limit this unrestricted irresponsibility. The disavowal by the Government of their Attorney-General, Sir Lawson Walton, who introduced the first Bill, and the proclamation of a complete submission later on by

Lord Robson, is a well-remembered incident. This Act has destroyed all the sanctions that existed for the performance of contracts, and if trade union leaders are now lamenting that they are in a less favourable position than they were for securing the recognition of their collective bargaining, it is mostly in consequence of this Act. Their nominal followers have got out of hand and are ready to start sectional strikes, and are carrying the sympathetic strike to absurd lengths because they know that the union funds do not suffer by their recklessness. They throw them away on the strike itself it is true, but they imagine they get value for that. If the leaders desire to rehabilitate their collective bargaining, which employers have too much reason for suspecting, they will have to consent to some limitation of the irresponsibility of their unions under the Trade Disputes Act. This Act also conferred upon the unions the new right of the so-called "peaceful persuasion", which often is nought but brutal bullying, both during strikes and for the purpose of compelling men to belong to the unions. Instances of it have occurred during the painters' strike in London; and one of the clauses in the agreement with the motor omnibus men is that they shall not intimidate or interfere with non-unionists. Fortunately the distrust of trade union bargaining has not spread so widely and deeply amongst the London companies as it has done in Dublin, or we might now be in the midst of a motor omnibus strike.

THE MILITARY PROBLEM.

MANŒUVRES in England tell a story, the recounting of which is unnecessary in the other great countries of Europe. It reminds that we want an army and that we have one excellent so far as it goes, both as regards personnel and discipline. Indeed, it may safely be said that never in the history of this country has our army been better trained for war or more efficient than it is at present. But just now manœuvres are, or have been, taking place in all the other great armies, and thus the public has a chance of comparing the size of the respective forces. To people in foreign countries who have felt during the past century the actual horrors of war and invasion, and know from their fathers what it all means, the whole problem is familiar. It enters also into their private lives, since practically all able-bodied men have now to serve and the soldier in uniform is "en évidence" everywhere. But with us it is different. The remote country districts rarely see a considerable body of troops, and, in spite of the efforts of Lord Roberts and others, apathy still exists as to the importance of our possessing an armed force sufficiently well trained and numerous to insure the safety of Great Britain and the Empire.

The actual army manœuvres which came to an end this week can hardly be of much general interest to the public. There was no striking scheme which caught the imagination such as that framed for the naval manœuvres. Moreover, for the troops themselves and, indeed, the regimental officers the whole business was necessarily dull. It was a concentration of practically all the regular forces we possess at home operating against a skeleton force composed almost entirely of auxiliaries, with the consequence that the work has been mainly a matter of marching confined almost entirely to the "roads". The idea of holding such manœuvres, or rather army exercises, has, however, been a wise one. It has given the generals and staff an unexampled opportunity of moving large masses of men and considering the transport problem, always one of the most vital a general in the field has to consider. To supply such a force in the field is a most difficult problem, and reality has been given to the proceedings by only allowing the transport and supply columns to move along certain roads. Of course it is impossible in mimic warfare to reproduce the real conditions. For one thing there is no hostile population to take into account. Still, in real war, although there may be no armed bands of

guerilla belligerents to be considered, there is always the problem of passive resistance to be encountered, and the wilful obstruction of roads and a thousand and one other things to be taken into account. As a fact big manœuvres rarely teach the rank and file much. The details of the business can much better be learnt at company, battalion, or brigade field trainings. But as an exercise for the higher commanders and their staffs big manœuvres are imperative. Otherwise they have no opportunity of testing the value of the existing organisation and appreciating its defects. One innovation we are glad to note. The present chief of the general staff, unlike his predecessor, took command himself, and thus, although the greater portion of his time must necessarily be spent at the headquarters of the army, he has had an opportunity of seeing for himself how things work out in practice. Theory and practice, therefore, so far as concerns the Army Council, are, as in the old days of a commander-in-chief, combined.

Successfully, however, as the operations have been organised, and valuable as may have been the experience gained, the real lesson for the nation is one of greater import. Nearly all our available military resources have been employed, and even some institutions have been depleted in order to avoid miscarriage. To this end even the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich has been compelled to contribute the saddles used by the cadets in the riding schools! What remains behind? In spite of what Lord Haldane may tell us of the six months which will be available at the outbreak of a great war wherein to train our Territorials for their only *raison d'être*, the defence of this country, we all know perfectly well that on such an occasion the regular army will be required elsewhere. The pertinent question then arises, can the Territorials, either as regards numbers or efficiency, fulfil the requirements demanded of them? It is true that we have the reassuring statements of the War Office spokesman, Lord Haldane, Mr. Seely, General Bethune and others. But Lord Roberts and practically every other independent expert hold that the Territorials as at present organised are a hopeless travesty of what a home defence force should really be. There is certainly some awakening on the subject. Twelve years ago, when we first called attention to the vital necessity of some form of compulsory service, we were a voice alone, almost entirely unsupported. Now most of the great journals, and some at least of our leading politicians, have committed themselves to some definite proposals on the subject. But there is much still to be done, and let us hope it will be done before it is too late. It is not as if the nation were in any way effete as regards manly pursuits. The athletic calibre of the nation is really as high as ever. But we commend to the protagonists of the Olympian fund that they would be better employed in organising a campaign for Lord Roberts' ideals. Unfortunately the games theory is not quite the same as it was in days gone by when the practice of archery was not only a sport, but a great national asset. But could not national energy, without in any way interfering with cricket, football, and other games—the pursuit of which is altogether admirable from a national standpoint—be to some extent diverted to other channels, and the rising generation taught that, as well as proficiency in games, it is the highest honour and privilege of citizenship to qualify oneself to bear arms in the traditional duty of national defence?

THE CHINESE CALDRON.

THE movement to "punish Yuan", as its authors magniloquently named it, has ended, as readers of the SATURDAY were led to expect, in the defeat of the insurgents at every point. A few thousand lives have been lost; a great deal of property has been destroyed; a great many have been reduced to destitution; a great deal of money has been wasted and the date of appeal to Europe for a fresh loan correspond-

ingly hastened; the unsuitability of Republican government for China has been further demonstrated and a tendency to admit the fact, even among previous supporters of the idea, has become apparent. It has been made clear too that the commercial and industrial classes prefer Yuan Shih-kai to his detractors; and the losses endured might be counted as gain if it could be hoped that the lesson would be accepted. But fanatics never learn, and the spirit of intrigue is too deeply ingrained in the Chinese temperament to be exorcised or controlled by aught but a dictatorial régime. It was a Chinese critic who wrote lately of the Houses of Parliament at Peking that they have proved "Houses of irritating obstruction", and that "they stand before the world as an infantile assembly ever ready to pout and wrangle and behave as inmates of a nursery". And that is exactly what "Old China Hands" predicted when Young China's foreign admirers were acclaiming the Republic as a panacea for Chinese ills. All that it has accomplished so far is to reduce government to chaos and to afford additional openings for intrigue unchecked by the traditional respect for an Emperor whose frown was more awe-inspiring than a President's clenched fist. It is a Chinese critic again who says that the bulk of leading people are beginning to be convinced that Sun Yat-sen and Hwang-Sings will eternally conspire against Yuan Shih-kais, and Yuans as certainly intrigue against Hwangs who may supplant them. And how easily intrigue may develop into contention, and contention into civil war, has been made manifest during the last few months.

It may well seem strange to people used to the orderly conditions of European life that men and money should be forthcoming upon such flimsy provocation. But river-pirates, thieves, banditti, loose-enders, and good-for-nothings of sorts abound who are willing to accept wages without knowing or caring what they are fighting for. The puzzle in the case of this recent outbreak has been where the money came from rather than the men. Chinese living abroad who subscribed liberally to upset the Manchus are not believed to have opened their purse-strings now; and merchants and bankers who were persuaded or constrained to support a Revolution which promised Elysian reform have been clearly hostile to an attempt to overthrow the one man who has shown some capacity for government under the new régime. Still, money must have been somehow obtained for a beginning, even if plunder of provincial mints and treasuries sufficed afterwards for temporary needs; and the sympathetic attitude of the Japanese seems to have given rise to a suspicion that loans as well as arms were forthcoming from that source. As to the arms there seems no doubt, nor as to the presence and help of Japanese in the insurgent ranks; and this undisguised sympathy of individuals may be partly responsible for certain regrettable incidents with which the Peking Government has had to deal. In one way or another, at any rate, considerable numbers of men were bribed, deluded, or persuaded into joining the Rebel ranks. But the Northern forces have proved, as anticipated, superior all along the line. The fortified positions at the mouth of the Poyang Lake and the capital of the province (Kiangse) in which the rebellion broke out have been retaken. The Arsenal at Shanghai was successfully defended by its garrison, and the Woosung forts have been surrendered. The army that crossed the Yangtze on a pretentious march towards Peking was easily repelled and its leader, Hwang Sing, fled to Japan. The chiefs set up by the conspirators at Canton found their position untenable, and have also sought safety in flight—to the delight apparently of the populace both at Canton and Hongkong who were enthusiastically anti-Manchu but take a different view evidently of the present outbreak. Nanking has surrendered to the very general, Changhsun, who held it for the Emperor at the outbreak of the Revolution, and who has now found himself, in the whirligig of events, warring on behalf of the régime which he was then concerned to resist. His re-entry seems to have been signalised by scenes of rapine and disorder such as too frequently characterise the move-

ments of Chinese troops; and it was during this welter of licence that the outrage occurred—the murder of the three Japanese and insult to their flag—which has been the cause—the chief cause, at any rate—of so much excitement in Japan. The case was aggravated by the fact that Japanese officers in uniform had been maltreated recently at Hankow and in Shantung; and the Japanese are not people to put up tamely with maltreatment or insult to individual, uniform, or flag. The Government at Tokyo—compelled to some extent, no doubt, by popular feeling—has gone beyond the usual request for punishment, indemnities, and apologies to demand that Chang-hsun shall apologise in person to the Japanese Consulate-General, order a demonstration by his troops to the same intent, and be removed from the governorship of Kiangsu to which he was promoted in pursuance of his services and success. This is a hard thing, and it remains to be seen whether Yuan can comply. We have seen that the Chinese soldiery fight for the leader who pays them rather than for a cause; and Chang and his men, who have maintained themselves as a practically independent force since their withdrawal, two years ago, from Nanking, are more like the Condottieri of the Middle Ages than a modern European army. Supposing they object?

The problem is typical of others. It does not follow because the insurgent forces have been beaten that they will return to civil life, and ordered government resume its sway. The supreme difficulty which will confront the Government if and when all else has been settled is finance. Very little revenue seems at present to be collected anywhere, and practically none sent to Peking. The optimistic view is that this can now be rectified; that Yuan, having defeated the rebels, will be able to appoint officials and collect taxes as in the days of the Manchus. But the opposite fact is (in the view at any rate of the "North China Herald") that "for all practical purposes of administration the range of a field gun is the limit of constituted authority". Attention is directed, in this country, chiefly to the movement of contending armies or of troops, at any rate, on a considerable scale; but there have been outbreaks and minor uprisings in many places. Nor is it enough to defeat the insurgents in the field. They melt away, but are ready to come together and enlist somewhere else if occasion offer or, if not, are more likely to resume disorderly than orderly life. Nor does paying off and disbanding offer the perfect solution we are invited to expect. Some people think it is more likely to perpetuate disorder by making re-enlistment appear a lucrative profession.

All this does not, it must be admitted, savour pleasantly of the reconstruction and development to which the proceeds of the Quintuple loan were to be applied. Nor does it look altogether favourable to the collection of revenue out of which the service of the loan should be met. The Peking correspondent of the "Times" has pointed out more than once that the amount which the Government professed to derive from the Salt Gabelle was largely in excess of facts; "the truth being [he affirms] that the Central Government has never received a third of the figure declared, and that it was mortgaged up to the hilt before the issue of the Crisp loan, [while] under present chaotic conditions only a twentieth part of the estimated revenue reaches Peking. . . . After a few years' careful nursing under foreign administration the Gabelle ought to produce enough to meet the earlier claims and to provide a small margin towards the service of the Crisp loan", and at some future date something may be available for the reorganisation loan itself. "But nothing material can be effected until the whole administration of the country has undergone a transformation, and tranquillity has been permanently ensured." It may be that the hesitation of the Chinese Government to give effect to the terms of the loan agreement has been due partly to unwillingness that these facts should be too clearly ascertained. For not only has the agreement that the tax should be collected before the Salt left the factories been broken, but the foreign Inspector-General has been denied the administrative power necessary to the

reorganisation of the Gabelle. Diplomatic remonstrance is said to have elicited a promise that these inexactitudes shall be corrected; but Chinese promises leave much to be desired. It remains to be seen whether the Government can or will give this one effect.

SOME MELODRAMA.

By JOHN PALMER.

"Sealed Orders." By Cecil Raleigh and Henry Hamilton. Drury Lane.

"Within the Law." By Bayard Veiller. Haymarket.

A REALLY good melodrama adds enormously to the pleasure of living. Unhappily the genre is, at its best, very rare; and is only to be found in places that the eye of refined society never visits. But there are running in London just now—the sole successes of the time—a number of plays that owe their popularity so entirely to the qualities they share with melodramas of authentic type that I should like to tell those of my readers who have never frequented the theatres of dirty suburbs in dirty provincial towns what pure melodrama is really like; and why London is at present hunting the pale shadow of this delightful variety of dramatic ware in fashionable houses of the West.

Melodrama is really the oldest—certainly the most sanctified—form of theatrical entertainment. It is the true successor of the old morality play—the one form of modern amusement that might still, without incongruity, be handed back into the keeping of the Church. The traditional villain of pure melodrama is the Devil himself at his immemorial employment of making virtue extremely difficult for mankind—especially for women—and fighting the angels hoof and nail up to the inevitable, edifying moment of his extrusion into a gaping Hell-mouth (a permanent property of the mediæval theatre). In modern melodrama, as in the old morality, there are three essential points to be observed. The first is morality, the sort of old-fashioned morality that divides mankind into black and white souls and always knows that the devil is wrong. The second is fun, the sort of fun that still tickles people in the face on Hampstead Heath and always puts the undesirable person of the play at the butt end of a joke which would fell an audience of Wessex labourers. The third is plot, the sort of plot which baffles arithmetic and always induces a regret that one's algebra stopped short at the binomial theorem. Every good melodrama is based upon these three essential characteristics—rights and wrongs of conduct and feeling as plain as the plainest nose upon the plainest face of the plainest man; fun as robust and as broad as the harlequinade, English variety, in the heartiest years of its career; plot as ingenious and as rapid and as clear as the most skilful of practised playmakers can contrive it.

Why have these qualities, by virtue of which tentative experiments in melodrama are now successfully running at half a dozen West End theatres—why have these qualities suddenly acquired a market value? I suggest, for a sign of the times, that the incursion of these primæval melodramatic qualities into the London theatres to-day indicates a faint reaction against "modern" playwriting. People are finding temporary comfort and satisfaction in plays that assume morality to be fixed; that give them a villain to be hissed and a hero to be applauded. These plays are a relief for consciences tender with the probing of Mr. Galsworthy and Mr. Shaw. Personally I love a problem in moral casuistry. I like to sharpen my wits and my conscience as a responsible member of the commonwealth in wondering whether the hero of the latest modern play is above the common law of Sinai or beneath it. But, in common with most playgoers, I am prepared, for an evening, at any rate, to be an extremely simple person, ready to assume the worst of any gentleman with heavy eyebrows and the best of any heroine with fair hair; to be quite sure that the devil is always as black as he is painted, and that the garments of every woman who wears a wedding ring are as white as snow. Beyond

the comfort of this happy moral assurance there is the further delight of believing once more in the play which is fearfully and wonderfully made; losing oneself breathlessly in plot and counterplot, in surprises and alarms, in the beautiful machine-made resource of the angels conflicting with the beautiful machine-made conspiracies of the devil. How pleasant to escape for an evening from people who talk and from people whose sole concern it is to be themselves, to people whose sole dramatic aim in life is to get somewhere or something as quickly as possible!

There is no occasion in all this for a panic of superior people. Rather it is a seasonable and necessary hint to modern authors that simple people at the play have not entirely outgrown simple pleasures. It also gives to the critics an opportunity of protesting against foolish brethren who have not sufficiently considered what a melodrama really is. Melodrama, in the slang of incompetent reporters, is bad drama. When they are trying to think of something insulting to say about a play they do not like they say "Melodrama". I have frequently protested against this misuse of an honourable term, and I again protest. Melodrama is under no necessity to be crude, vulgar, or inartistic. Its qualities, like the qualities of every other form of artistic effort, are solely determined by the author. There is no reason why the root qualities of melodrama should not be set off with every resource of the finished dramatic craftsman and with every refinement of literary grace. Neat, rapid and dexterous good melodrama must necessarily be. These attributes do not on the face of them suggest an intelligence working at half pressure. There can be nothing slovenly or half-realised in the passage of incidents whose deftness and decision and speed surprise the mind into immediate confidence. Nor is there any reason why a dramatist who added a sense of literature to a sense of the theatre should not write a melodrama as classically imperishable as Oscar Wilde once wrote a farce.

Of the half-dozen melodramas running in London at the present moment "Sealed Orders" at Drury Lane and "Within the Law" at the Haymarket are perhaps the best examples. It is almost possible to enjoy oneself with a single heart at Drury Lane this autumn. There are, of course, the usual discomforts. Drury Lane is the most repulsively decorated theatre in London; and there is a very loud band that makes a hideously vulgar noise whenever it is not strictly necessary to hear what the people in the play are talking about. Moreover, there is the usual silly fuss about the scenery, which adds not a jot to the melodramatic appeal, but whose continual heavy shifting disastrously arrests the excitement of the audience whenever it is comfortably warming to the progress of events. But, in spite of these discomforts and technical errors of the producer, "Sealed Orders" goes with a swing. It is better written than the wretched melodramatic interpolations in Holy Writ of Mr. Louis Parker now being delivered at another large London house. It is quick and ingenious, with moments of rare insight into the emotional requirements of simple people. "Sealed Orders" is a success which cannot reasonably be deplored on any grounds. "Within the Law" is better yet. Here, too, is a play that deserves to run, and pleases by the qualities of good melodrama. If you would understand how the exciting surprises of a melodramatic plot should be seasoned with true melodramatic fun, you will find no better example in London than the comic relief of "Within the Law".

Where these two plays, and most plays of this type now running in London, fail of the true melodramatic inspiration is in their authors' distrust of the deeds they unfold. In melodrama the acts of the day are sufficient unto themselves. We do not pause to inquire into motives and springs of conduct. Explanation and mental analysis immediately turn the thing we accept into the thing we reject. We ask no questions; and, if the author begins asking them, we do not stay for an answer. The greater part of the First Act of "Within the Law" is worse than wastepaper. It is as if a story-teller were to begin telling us about Robin

Hood by going learnedly into economic conditions of the thirteenth century in England in order to justify his hero in a war upon society. Simple people like Robin Hood straight away. They do not want to know that he was economically justified in his exploits before they can allow themselves to enjoy them. We do not want long speeches about the hours and wages of labour to interest us in the clever criminal exploits of our dear lady at the Haymarket. Similarly at Drury Lane the preliminary undue emphasis upon the sentimental and industrial motives of the hero in the First Act is valuable waste of valuable time in an entertainment that runs into four solid hours. But it is ungracious to dwell upon these little weaknesses in plays which I have expressly selected because unnecessary explanation and pretentious "psychology" have been cut almost to a minimum. They have reformed these things indifferent well at Drury Lane and the Haymarket. I would counsel them in a friendly way to reform them altogether.

ALL-BRITISH ART.

By C. H. COLLINS BAKER.

THE Walpole Society, one of our youngest, was founded to encourage the study of British art. Walpole, himself struck by our ignorance of native art, did his best to stem it by publishing George Vertue's notes in a collected form. Vertue's notes, some dozen or twenty books in manuscript, are in the British Museum; perhaps the most important are the seven earliest, to compile which the engraver took something like thirty years. In these Vertue orderly set down whatever information he acquired from research among old books and registers, from hearsay and personal observation; travelling about on business he noted whenever possible the pictures in the country mansions; mixing with his fellow-artists he picked up hereditary traditions and gossip along with indisputable evidence. He it is to whom we owe the curious tale that Rembrandt came over here and visited London and the northern ports. An old painter called Christian told Vertue this. Until recently the tale has gone for a legend; now, however, there seem grounds for seriously considering whether Rembrandt was in London and actually made a drawing of the southern prospect from the spot where now the Piccadilly-Brompton Tube begins at King's Cross.

Since Vertue's and Horace Walpole's day interest in English art has drooped. The chances of exploring country mansions and architectural monuments are not rare so much as ignored, and foreign art attracts more investigation. Whatever the reasons, dense ignorance of, and indifference to, native painting, sculpture and design prosper; a handful of scholars practically have a corner in knowledge of this subject; the public taking its cue from the National Gallery has hardly heard of pre-Van Dyck British art. This is the dark condition the Walpole Society exists to proselytise; unless I am mistaken its function is to stimulate intelligent interest in truly native art; not painting only, but art in every branch.

The Society's second annual volume is unusually well illustrated; the reproductions alone give it great value. The concomitant articles are written by scholars who among them cover celebrity, immense research, prodigious assiduity in compilation, special knowledge, and, lastly, imagination. One of the articles at least has evidently been inspired by enthusiasm for the beauty of its theme; the rest deal with their subjects in a frank, fine spirit of registration, criticism and factual description. There are seventy-seven half-tone plates, some photogravures, good colour prints, and 132 pages of text. Of these sixty-eight go to the painter "H. E." and the De Critz family, and it is on this very point that the Walpole Society, if it is to perform its function, must carefully weigh its policy. "H. E." is Hans or Haunce Eworth or Eenworts, a Dutch painter, who settled in England and painted many portraits in a manner wholly foreign. The De Critz

family came from Antwerp, settled in England late in the sixteenth century, and, as far as we know, was mainly busied in decorating the royal "carroches" and barges and buckhound waggons. One member of the family painted interesting portraits of a curious hybrid type that are important in a specialist way; they are rather an unexplained irrelevant incident than an issue in English painting.

Haunce Eworth's style is Italianised Netherlandish; his portraits, according to the list given by Mr. Lionel Cust, are numerous, and they certainly are worth searching study. But an annual dedicated to the national art of Britain must be chary of exceeding its business by dragging in interesting aliens whose place more fitly is the "Burlington Magazine".

Far more profitable is the line taken by the Society with regard to the Chertsey Abbey tiles and the screen of Cawston Church, for the art these manifest seems not an importation, but a native growth. Isolated from their natural environment, and studied as unrelated relics, works like these are generally credited to foreign painters. The most serious part of the Walpole Society's undertaking will be patient reconstruction of our Primitives. It seems pretty clear from recent research that little that is important as regards distinctly native art will be discovered among the sixteenth and seventeenth century portrait painters; only here and there a significant individuality appears in that period. An unexplored zone lies between Kneller and Sir Joshua that should reward investigators. The art of the little portrait-group painters, for example, who worked agreeably about 1740 is amusing, and one or two of the life-size painters may come out better than we think. But for a tenser, higher note we should have to search much further back, going into Ireland, into the English provincial schools, among the ecclesiastical craftsmen and the wall-painters of the Middle Ages. Thus little by little patient piecing together of clues and fragments may result in an ordered statement of a truly national art, unique and consequent. Or, if it comes to the worst, we shall ascertain that no such thing as a truly national English art ever existed, and then with a quiet mind the Walpole Society will disband itself, concluding that it is but vain to stimulate interest in a myth. At present Italian savants are burning to claim "our" masters of the thirteenth century, converting "Master Walter" and "Master William" into Gualterio and Guglielmo. However the question will ultimately shape, it is too early for the Society to rest upon aliens, no matter how pleasant or prolific. Such a line might be construed into a confession of bankruptcy of native material. But no such shortage threatens. In its equipment and lavish generosity of content, especially as regards bulk, and high standard of contributors and reproductions this annual is unparalleled. Therefore, assuming that its financial side is made secure by large membership and that its equipment and capacity are directed systematically towards its proper object, the Society will succeed in reinstating British Primitives. Our embroiderers, our illuminators, metal and ivory workers, sculptors and painters—what really do we know of them in a consecutive way? I can conceive the Walpole Society resolutely collecting our fragmentary scraps of knowledge, piecing them together by means of rare fresh discoveries, and ultimately reconstructing a building whose main lines at least and in spite of gaps will be discernible. The Society is just two years old; it has lots of time. Moreover, its purpose and nature are serious enough to exempt it from the general necessity of "making a show".

THEIR FOOLISH TALK.

By JANE BARLOW.

THE valley, shaped like the trough of a wave, is green on all its slopes with grass and bracken. Along its ridge on either hand crop up dispersedly fierce-looking crests and combs and bosses and splinters of grey rock, which suggest the armoured skulls and

spines of antediluvian lizards. Conspicuous among these crests is one that erects itself at the southern end of the valley, whose threading road there sends off a cart-track, climbing up and curving in behind the rocks, to emerge on a plateau with a spacious downlook over the outspread countryside. Up here a few little homesteads are scattered about, each in its particoloured patchwork of small fields, set among the more uniform greenery of sheepwalks; and the Moynihans' house is near the point whence a very steep boreen begins a long descent.

One warm summer afternoon old John Moynihan, the grandfather of the family, was greasing the wheels of their ass-cart in the square recess before the cottage. Molly, Dan and Joe, three of his grandchildren, sat on a hollowy bank dangling their feet above his head as he stooped. At times they watched him, and at times their father, who was trying to catch Fanny the ass in the sloping field behind them. Though Fanny's unusually long ears were unvenerably whitened by old age, she still possessed much lively vigour, which now led her to elude capture with many freakish antics oft-repeated. The job threatened to be a lop-sided joke. It seems rather hard on middle-aged young John that none of his numerous and agile offspring should have lent him aid; but it may be said in excuse for Molly and her brothers that they had lately finished a hot three-mile trudge home from school. Presently, after a fantastic gallop down across the field, Fanny paused at a gap in the furze-bushes close to the children's seat, and burst into a loud-resounding bray, which ended in long-drawn groans and wheezes. Joe thereupon attempted a feeble imitation, and Dan remarked: "Ah now, I declare the crathur's apt to be wanting a lick of the graise as well as thim ould wheels. You'd say she was as rusty as anything in the inside of her".

"After swallying one of them corncrakes she might be by accident", said Molly. "Plenty of them there do be skyting about up above among the tussocks of long grass, where we got the nest full of eggs. Stuck in her throat it is very belike, according to the sound of her anyway."

"Hand us up a bit of the graise, gran'dad", said Dan, swinging a dusty foot so that it touched old John's shoulder as he stood up and straightened himself stiffly. "We want some for to be graising Fanny's throat, that's about choking herself swallying down the whole of a corncrake's nest, eggs and all."

"Whisht then with your gabbing, and let interfaring with the baste alone", his grandfather said discouragingly. But Joe jumped to his feet and danced on the bank, chanting in a voice of singular volume for seven years old: "Give us some graise to be graising Fanny—graise we want to be graising Fanny—and putting it down her throat". At this hearing Fanny flourished off again with an elaborate caper, and old John said: "See me here, me man; if the pack of yous don't quit out of this and give over delaying us with your foolish talk, it's the sort of graise ye're apt to be getting that ye mightn't have a liking for".

His tone was so unwontedly grim that the children judged it prudent to take him at his word, and dropping themselves off the bank they withdrew down the lane. Not many yards, for they stopped at a ferny corner opposite its junction with the steep boreen up from Lissanaskin, down which their eldest brother Christy, standing behind a fence, was gazing intently. If questioned, he would have said that he was cutting bracken to bed the beasts, and he had, sure enough, a reaping-hook in his hand; but two or three prostrate fronds made a very small beginning. Christy being more than half a dozen years older than even Molly, at over twelve, his younger brethern would hardly have ventured to criticise his slow progress had he not incurred a reputation for inveterate good humour. As it was, however, Dan, balancing himself atop of the low stone wall, proceeded to flirt the cut stalks about with a long sally switch, and remarked sarcastically: "Faix now, if the ould cow got into that big heap it's losing herself on us she'd be intirely".

With a disconcerted start Christy faced round. "So

it's there you are again", he said. "Throop along with yourselves now, and don't be meddling and making here. I've plenty else to do."

"Who's hindering of you?" said Dan.

"Me grandfather's getting out the cart to go to Bartonstown", Christy said invitingly.

"Bedad is he—and as cross as a weasel", they all responded declining.

"And Himself's kilt running after herself above in the field there", Christy suggested again, hoping for better results; but: "How kilt he is!" Dan rejoined derisively, "and he just after grabbing her by the ear."

At this failure Christy desisted from further efforts, reverting to his gaze down the breen. His sister Molly perched herself conversationally near him, and began: "I wouldn't wonder if there was teems of rain to-night. I heard the curlew calling and we coming along by Croghawn Bog, and them clouds do be nearly all catching theirselves on the top of Owenmore mountain. Did you ever hear tell, Christy, that a dale of wasps is got up there? A girl at school was saying so to-day, but I dunno what 'ud bring them that high. Do you, Christy?" He did not answer, or seemingly hear her, so she pulled his sleeve and said: "Isn't it starved they'd be? For what 'ud they get to be aiting or stinging?" Christy shook off her grasp impatiently, edging a little further away. "Can't you hold your prate?" he said, "and not be bawling blathers into me ear the way I can't hear an earthly iotum?"

"There's nothing to be hearing", Molly protested, and murmured aside to her younger brothers: "What ails the two of them this day at all? As cross they do be as they can stick together". The young Moynihans were not unaccustomed to some shortness of temper on the part of their father, who as a rule was busy; but they always counted upon finding their grandfather and Christy affable, if not unoccupied. Molly, however, not easily rebuffed, speedily resumed: "Was I telling you the quare thing I seen last night, Christy? Just after the sun going down in the gap there, up come a big, black-looking cloud, and two round holes in it, with the light shining in through them like an owlses two eyes—'twas enough to frighten you. And I let—" Christy glanced furiously over his shoulder: "In the name of goodness, you little pest, will you laive moidhering me with your fool's talk? Och, she's coming—here she is herself".

"What's coming? Sure it's nothing only ould Mrs. Caffrey jiggling back from market", the children commented with disparaging indifference. But already had Christy plunged clattering to meet a vehicle which turned the corner with a prim, stout, elderly woman, brown-shawled and black-bonneted, sitting on the middle of the flat board.

"Well, ma'am, what's the news?" he was asking while the wheels still revolved.

"It's off", Mrs. Caffrey said, the words apparently jerked out by the stoppage of the cart.

"More power!" Christy said. "Then ould Donagh wouldn't give the fifty?"

"Wouldn't he not, me lad?" said Mrs. Caffrey.

"Sixty he went to, and seven head of stock."

"But you said it was off", Christy interrupted aghast.

"Rose Flynn herself wouldn't look at Terry Donagh, for man or baste—there's the whole of it", said Mrs. Caffrey.

"Me soul to the Saints and back again!" said Christy, "But that's grand."

"Lepping they all are below there", said Mrs. Caffrey. "His people and her people, and small blame to them."

"Lep they may and welcome. Rose Flynn's the greatest little girl in Ireland. I declare now", averred Christy, "I think I'll just be stepping down; there's nothing doing here." If he intended this to seem a sudden thought, he marred its unpremeditated effect by diving under a furze-bush and producing his Sunday coat, placed there neatly folded, clearly in prospect of

such an expedition. Mrs. Caffrey chucked her donkey into motion again, and twisted herself round to watch Christy race down the breen, working himself into his garment as he ran. "Fine hopping and throting he has", she soliloquised. "I'd be glad of pence apiece for every bit of tomfoolery them two'll talk this same evening, unless he breaks his neck before he gets there, not minding where he's going."

The children, who had listened without much interest, were steepling desultorily homewards, when little Joe saw his grandfather beckoning to him through a gap in the hedge, along which the old man had made his way unnoticed. "What about was Mrs. Caffrey and Christy having all the discourse? And here's a ha'py for you, avic", he said.

"Only some ould talk about Rose Flynn having nothing to do with Terry Donagh", said Joe. "Christy said it was grand, and then he took off with himself somewheres in his good coat."

"Aye would he. I was thinking this day that's the way 'twould be", old John said bitterly. "Coorting Rose Flynn, that's what the young bosthoon's after. And next thing he'll be bringing her home, and all of them at me to make them over the bit of land. And not a foot will I, let me tell them. Well able I am to be working it yet. Divil a foot of me will—not if he was bringing home the Queen of Sheba."

THE SLANDERED SUBURB.

IN his newest play Mr. John Galsworthy breaks with the tradition that the frame of mind commonly called "suburban" belongs necessarily to the suburbs. His conventional husband in "The Fugitive", the Torquemada of a gloomy religion of good form, is eminently a suburban in a suburban set. But he lives in a Westminster flat, and is not suspected of the smallest connexion with Upper Tooting. This may be purely accident. Mr. Galsworthy is possibly innocent of any intention to hint that banality owns no geographical frontier. But one cannot help thinking that this act of negative justice is in some sense a sign of reaction against the fashion of sneering at the suburbs as the home of a separate and but semi-human species.

The majority of modern fiction writers seem to have only two root ideas. One is the essential absurdity of life in outer London or in "the provinces." The other is that refinement is simply a question of income. Novelists are not generally supposed to be a plutocratic class. The number who pay super-tax must be small. But they have really wonderful notions of what constitutes a living income. The other day a popular writer gave a humorous description of the straits to which an actress and her daughter were reduced. They lived in two appalling rooms in Bayswater. The mother could not afford a cab from the theatre. Her supper consisted of some nameless kind of sausage and a pot of porter. The daughter had but one presentable dress, and had to borrow a pair of shoes when she was bound to make a fair appearance on some special occasion. And all this misery was due to the fact that the family income was only twenty pounds a week! Living expenses in the world of fiction have gone up enormously during the last twenty years. In the last years of Victoria a thousand a year was a quite reasonable marrying salary for an author or painter hero. To-day the self-respecting heroine expects at least that for her pin-money alone.

It has always been an indiscretion to be poor. But the unforgiveable sin in the eyes of the present-day novelist is to be moderately well off. Poverty in rags is occasionally useful to him, though most books that begin in a garret have a way of ending in a dining-room full of millionaires. But the writer of fiction seems to have no use for the "average" man—who of course does not exist. It is fatal to one's chances as a hero if one occupies a house at, say, a hundred and fifty a year, and posts a cheque to the landlord regularly every quarter-day. The novelist seems to be much of the opinion of Ancient Pistol. Base is the slave that pays—unless indeed he can draw for a million at a time.

Hence the contempt for the suburbs, which are neither picturesquely poor nor inordinately rich. Yet it would seem that the view is a little shallow. There is really a wealth of dramatic raw material in the London suburbs, if a great writer studied them with a seeing and sympathetic eye. Human passion is much the same in Streatham as in Belgrave Square. The eye of heaven has no objection whatever to the pleasant heights of Sydenham or the neighbourhood of Dulwich Common; and hearts may be broken as easily in Wandsworth as in Mayfair or Whitechapel. Moreover, there is a distinct element of interest in the very limitations of suburban life. Considerations of money, respectability, family feeling, and so forth complicate the play of passion. A rich man may follow his instincts with the knowledge that want of money at least will play no part in his emotional drama. The very poor man's course is just as simple; he has nothing to lose. But the suburban man or woman who would be in the full clutch of circumstance. The office, the neighbourhood, the family, the income have all to be considered before any fateful step is taken. This very day, out of a hundred houses in one of these quiet suburban roads there may be ten in which Ibsenic dramas are working slowly and inevitably to their conclusion. The man sets out regularly at nine every morning for Mincing Lane; the wife goes out shopping at ten; the third side of the triangle shoulders her golf clubs at eleven. One would as soon look for tragedy in an Eskimo's ice-house. But one morning the neighbourhood will be shocked by self-slaughter or an elopement, and newspaper readers will for a moment realise that there is humanity in the suburbs after all. Really, it is rather more interesting when a disillusioned husband has to consider even the cost of a double ticket to Paris than when a scratch of the pen can make all mankind accomplices in his plans. The suburbs await the coming of an English Balzac. When he arrives he will find colour enough under the greyness which hides their abounding life and variety from the superficial observer. We all know that a due combination of the three primary colour sensations produces a blank white. The real colour of the suburbs is thus disguised. It is not collected in vivid patches; it makes no show; and only the delicate spectroscope of a fine imagination can recognise that it is there.

A really competent dissection of the life of Greater London would be a valuable gift to posterity. But it is not to be hoped for while fiction writers as a class remain so entirely remote from fact. A new discovery in imaginative literature is made only about once in half a century. We are still in many ways mid-Victorian. Our playwrights insist on making servants talk like Yellowplush or Sam Weller, though in fact they generally speak rather more correctly than their masters. Board schools have nearly killed dialect; yet young labourers in novels still use such expressions as "Er be no good to I". And self-made men are habitually represented as wanting in a knowledge of the world, though in reality the modern tone is, alas, almost entirely set by these people.

The literary vendetta against the suburbs is really a Victorian legacy. The suburbs have always been traduced, but, curiously enough, in the old days it was their naked and unabashed villainy that chiefly raised a sneer. From Nash to Middleton there is not a dramatist who does not jibe at suburb "roarers" and "minions", "suburb tricks" and "suburb trade". When Portia asks Brutus: "Dwell I but in the suburbs of your good pleasure?" she was not using a vague or accidental figure; she was employing the word in its strictly technical significance. In this case the literary tradition, as usual, long survived the fact, and suburbs were not generally regarded as respectable till far into the eighteenth century. At last came the discovery of Clapham, the "sanctified ville" where Macaulay in his youth mused on the affinity between rigid Nonconformity and a taste for roast veal on Sundays. Clapham then became a butt for profane wits, as the City had been to the Rochesters and Sedleys. Warren, in his "Ten Thousand a Year", poked clumsy fun at its religious and

social pretensions, and Thackeray, with a lighter touch, made great play with the Clapham of "The New-comers". Dickens saw nothing funny in the suburbs, with the possible exception of Camberwell. But minor novelists in crowds took up Thackeray's cue, discovered new Claphams, and sedulously preached the innate absurdity of suburban life. First, suburban religious ideals, then suburban social ambitions, then suburban taste were pitilessly lampooned, until at last sensitive people, forgetting that great poets and philosophers have contentedly lived in these benighted regions, avoid the suburbs at the cost of any inconvenience.

The result is that the really delightful suburbs of London, the feature which distinguishes London from Continental cities, are rapidly becoming depopulated. The houses are too big for poor people, and rich people will not live there. They either go to the Inner Circle or take a country house. Of course, they are living in suburbs still when they go as far afield as the Surrey and Sussex hills. New Camberwells and Sydenhams, far more raw and crude than the old, are rising on the downs and among the woods near all convenient railway centres. The emigrants gain little materially. But they are at least safe from the most damaging charge which can be brought against a modern man—the charge of being a deliberate and unashamed suburb-anite.

T.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE REAL SOCIALIST LEADERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Brockenhurst, 23 September 1913.

SIR,—Mr. Constable seems to imagine that he has discovered a panacea for hypocrisy and inconsistency in the formula "*Meliora probo deteriora sequor*." Now I think it is open to question that this celebrated dictum was uttered quite as much by way of regret as by way of excuse for its author's shortcomings. Very much in the same way as S. Paul's famous saying "For the good that I would I do not, but the evil that I would not that I do. . . . O wretched man that I am!"

Be that as it may, we know very well what would have been S. Paul's view of Mr. Constable's protégés and his apologia for them. When he says "Thou therefore who teachest another, teachest thou not thyself? Thou that preachest a man should not steal, dost thou steal? Thou that abhorrest idols, dost thou commit sacrilege?"

Now, Sir, I take it that neither you nor those holding your views would have any quarrel with the Real Socialist Leaders were they to confine themselves to expounding their visionary doctrines with that "equal courtesy to all" which Mr. Constable attributes to them. It is only when they proceed to denounce those who differ from them in precept and practice as knaves, thieves, and murderers, and then incontinently proceed to practise the same fraudulent and destructive methods themselves that one's gorge rises.

Then Mr. Constable takes refuge in "environment". But surely that is a two-edged weapon in his hands. What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, and if it is impossible under existing circumstances for the gentlemen whom he defends to avoid certain practices which they fervently believe, or profess to believe, to be evil, why do they condemn in unmeasured terms those who, equally slaves of circumstance, indulge in the same practices believing them to be meritorious? Nay, rather the individualist is on Mr. Constable's own showing the better man. For if "*probare meliora sed deteriora sequi*" be good, surely "*et probare et sequi meliora*" is better! And to the individualist individualism is *melius*. As the same correspondent refers in his apologia to the Author of Christianity it may be as well to remind him that His attitude towards the Scribes and Pharisees who "say and do not" was not wholly

sympathetic, and that they at His hands came in for the "greater damnation".

Another of your correspondents plaintively inquires how it is possible for Socialists to retire into the wilderness seeing that all the wildernesses are filled up. Now, taking "wilderness" in its strictly literal sense, is it so certain that all wildernesses are filled up? Does there not at the present day exist another Paraguay which might be caused to blossom as the rose if watered or, I suppose I should say, manured with the filthy lucre now pumped by crass and unmerciful competition on to the protesting Socialist sewage farm?

Should, however, no such physical wildernesses exist, are there no human wildernesses for fervent Socialists to cultivate. S. Francis, S. Vincent de Paul, and General Booth found no difficulty in discovering such deserts. For we must remember, Sir, that Socialism is not an end in itself but merely a means for the amelioration of the human lot, a mode of philanthropy, and therefore I presume its votaries are philanthropists. Pending, therefore, the Socialist millennium, which, on the showing of their apologists, is not yet, is it unreasonable to suggest that they might not merely refrain from "wasting their substance in vulgar useless luxury" as Mr. Constable—on what evidence I know not—assumes they do at the present moment, but unload their pelf and at the same time lighten their consciences by some practical philanthropy? An immediate "wilderness" suggests itself to me in the distressful condition of the Dublin strikers, the more appropriate in that it is largely the outcome of their teachings. Yet another correspondent suggests that Mr. Shaw and Mr. Galsworthy would have to retire to the workhouse—by the way an essentially Socialistic institution and presumably therefore not distasteful to them—should they act consistently and renounce as well as denounce Commercialism. But this argument of course is mere hyperbole and *reductio ad absurdum*. Socrates refused to sell truth for cash, and yet remained an exemplary citizen, and his teachings, to say the least of it, have proved as lasting and influential as those of Rousseau or Lassalle have been or are ever likely to be.

Yours truly, W. R. W.

THE "YAH, YAH" STYLE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

24 September 1913.

SIR,—Your "Note of the Week" on Mr. Lloyd George's style in debate may point a new political phrase. Lord Palmerston was once accused by a critic of having "the Ha, Ha! style". Mr. George may go down to fame as the statesman with "the Yah, Yah! style".

Yours faithfully, OBSERVER.

"BOOKS AND BOOMS."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

St. Andrews, Oatlands Drive, Weybridge,

22 September, 1913.

SIR,—In your paper of last Saturday under "Books and Booms" the writer says "Mrs. Grundy is certainly a very puzzling old lady. She must be old now, for we seem to have heard she dates far back into the Victorian age". If the writer will refer to "Speed the Plough", by Thomas Morton, dated 1798, he will find his Mrs. Grundy mentioned. Perhaps some of your readers may be able to say if that is the earliest reference to the "puzzling old lady".

I am, yours faithfully,
FREDK. J. CROWDER.

GERMAN UNITY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

National Liberal Club, Whitehall Place, S.W.

7 September 1913.

SIR,—Returned from a holiday I find only to-day your number of 30 August with an article "German

Unity—The Lesson for Britain". Amongst other inaccuracies and misstatements I especially notice in the third alinea of page 256 a phrase: "The German speaks of Deutschland, but that is rather an abstract term and includes at least a part of Austria."

Far from being an abstract term the sense of the word Deutschland (correctly Deutsches Reich) is clearly defined in the German "Reichsverfassung", where a nominative enumeration of all the countries forming part of the German Empire is given, and where the proportions of their elective representation in Parliament and of their participation in the Bundesrath are fixed. The further assertion that Germans comprehend under the name of Germany "at least a part of Austria" badly needs a serious contradiction. The Austro-Hungarian Empire, although connected with Germany by the Triple Alliance, and by the fact that among its inhabitants are about 12,000,000 of pure German race and nationality, has kept its independence from Germany much more strictly than for instance France from Russia, not to speak of the grave sacrifices of interests which this country had to undergo in view of maintaining the good entente with that same noble ally.

The ignorance of the Near East prevailing nowadays in Western Europe is quite astonishing.

Yours faithfully,

FELIX VON GERSON.

THE ART OF DREAMING.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

90 Regent Street, London, W.

8 September 1913.

SIR,—In a recent issue you say "Should we try experiments on ourselves and cultivate the art of dreaming for the pleasure it gives as Mr. Hine suggests?" I would like to point out that such a habit is extremely harmful although it is true that wonderful results appear to be obtained.

I think it was Mr. Carpenter who told me that a friend of his used to pull down the curtains so as to darken the room every afternoon at 4 o'clock, and for an hour he would have marvellous day dreams, which often took the form of explorations in unknown countries, big game shooting, etc. I would like to point out that the best of such forms of work is absolutely wrong, and leads to the same trouble as arises in spiritualistic work. Here, those forming the circle at the seance are told to think of nothing. The reason of this is that if you think strongly at a spiritualistic seance you will affect the results, because they are obtained solely by the sub-conscious mind of the medium. This is why no results of the kind are ever obtained before a strong thinking committee; in fact, a single man can, by thinking strongly that the results will not be obtained, stop anything but perhaps the unimportant phenomena.

In hypnotism, if you can get a person to think of nothing the mind is open for all sorts of wrong suggestions and he is very easy to hypnotise. Trying to think of nothing is always wrong, a man ought always to be actively thinking, but thinking rightly.

There are from fifty to sixty sects of mental workers now in the world, divided into two broad classes. Less than half a dozen work in the way that Jesus did by turning in thought to the reality, that is to say, God and heaven. The results obtained by the others are purely hypnotically obtained by the human mind, and are more or less harmful. As a man learns to think rightly, so does his work approach more to that of a genius, the results being due solely to a better working of the two portions of the mind. There are five different forms of hypnotism, every one of them wrong and harmful.

The so called sub-conscious mind, or what your reviewer calls the subliminal consciousness, is the same as what is called by Dr. Schofield the "unconscious mind", Myers the "subliminal self", Schopenhauer

"the better consciousness" and McCunn "the soul". T. J. Hudson is almost correct when he says "I prefer to assume that man is endowed with two minds". One of these he speaks of as the objective or conscious mind, the other as the subjective or sub-conscious mind. Now, as a matter of fact, there is only one sub-conscious mind, and scientific men have in order to explain certain results called this the ether without knowing what it was. Religious people speak of it as the devil and carnal mind; metaphysicians as the false or mortal mind. These are simply different names for the same thing, and there is only one sub-conscious mind, the conscious mind being like an island standing out in the sea and connected with the land (sub-conscious mind) below. It is by the vibration along the ether or this sub-conscious mind that a man is able to see things at a distance, or to see things that are about to happen, or which have already happened; what is called by some phenomena and others the material world, being merely a succession of cinematographic pictures that flash by at the rate of about twenty miles an hour. As Dr. Le Bon, who has made such suggestive discoveries in science during the last few years, has recently said, matter is steadily vanishing. There is something there, he says, but he does not know what. Recently I hear that he says that this something is Mind. Whether you call it Mind, Cause, Reality or God matters not so long as a man understands that this reality is absolutely perfect, the matter being cinematographic pictures which merely hide the good from us. Fortunately we get glimpses of some of this good which quite correctly we sometimes speak of as heavenly. More fortunately still we can by right thinking—true prayer—instantaneously destroy, bit by bit, all the evil in these cinematographic pictures, until ultimately the whole of the pictures with the screen itself disappear. This is the so-called end of the world; the end of all sin, sickness, worries, troubles and limitations. There is nothing real but God and His manifestation. God is All-in-all.

Yours faithfully,
F. L. RAWSON.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

8 September 1913.

SIR,—Your reviewer of Mr. Hine's book on dreams quotes Coleridge's "Kubla Khan" as an example of a remembered dream, and says that he does not know of anybody who obtained from his dreams a finer example of spiritual insight than he had in the waking state.

"Life Understood", by F. L. Rawson, deals with the subject of inspiration. He shows the scientific reason for the results obtained and states that the sub-conscious mind of man knows everything in the material world past, present and future.

Mr. Rawson points out that "George Eliot, for instance, said that in all her best writing there was a 'not herself' which took possession of her, and that she felt her own personality to be merely the instrument through which this spirit, as she expressed it, was acting. Hawthorne recognised this action, and once thought of making it the subject of a story. Thackeray told his children that the story of 'The Newcomes', probably his masterpiece, had been revealed to him somehow as in a dream." Mr. Rawson also refers to "Kubla Khan" and goes on as follows: "George Sand said she wrote continuously and without plan, and literally without knowing whither she was going—even without being aware of the social problem she was elaborating. Robert Louis Stevenson, in his 'Chapter on Dreams', confesses that portions of his most original novels were composed in the dreaming state."

Mr. Rawson also gives proofs of musical genius, which he says is due to the same action.

In speaking of hypnotism your reviewer says that "we do not know enough about what happens in hypnotism to talk of the soul". Mr. Rawson shows

what hypnotism is, and says there are five different forms, all more or less wrong.

It is true that apparently wonderful results can be got hypnotically, and also in trances, but trouble, he says, arises as a rule about three months afterwards, whereas if one works in the right way, that is to say thinks rightly, all the results can be obtained, and indeed far better obtained, without any deleterious after action.

Yours faithfully,
EMANCIPATED.

"CHRISTIANITY, LIMITED."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

6 Woodberry Grove Finsbury Park N.

1 September 1913.

SIR—In your review of "Within our Limits" there is a statement which has probably astonished or puzzled others besides myself. Referring to miracles, the reviewer says "There can be no rational prejudice against 'suspension' of natural laws, for that happens when a cricket-ball is caught". Even at the risk of being classed with Miss Alice Gardner as a shallow thinker, I should like to maintain that the catching of a cricket-ball is strictly in accordance with a natural law in full working order. If however your reviewer could furnish cases of cricket-balls being arrested suddenly in the air without visible resistance or support, his illustration would be valid.

Yours truly
JOHN R. LICKFOLD.

"ANCIENT GREECE."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Freiburg i. Br., 13 September 1913.

SIR,—As I was in the depths of the Black Forest when I received your reviewer's notice of my "Ancient Greece", I have waited till I could give chapter and verse.

Of personalities I take no notice, except to express my regret that they should cast a slur on literary criticism; but I must beg you to permit me to enter a protest in your columns against the categorical assertion that I have blundered in assuming the northern provenance of the Achæans and the Aryan origin of the Trojans, and that even a "manual" should be ashamed of itself for hinting that the word "Æolian" was possibly a variant of "Achæan". I might refer your reviewer to many authorities (besides the protagonist Ridgeway), both English and German, but it will suffice if I adduce the following from Professor Bury's "History of Greece", which sums up the latest opinions on these subjects.

"The old home of the Greek invaders . . . probably lay in the north-west regions of the Balkan peninsula. . . . The Achæans and others found abodes in . . . Thessaly" (p. 41).

"We know with full certainty who the people of Troy were: we know that they were a Phrygian folk and spoke a tongue akin to our own. The six cities of Troy perhaps correspond to successive waves of the Phrygian immigration from south-eastern Europe into north-eastern Asia Minor" (p. 30).

"Along with the Achæans sailed as comrades and allies the Æolians. Some indeed believe that 'Æolian' was simply another name for 'Achæan' . . . Αἰόλος (Aiolos) being a 'short name' for Ἀχαιοί The etymological connexion of 'Achæan' with 'Æolian' is a view of Fick" (pp. 43, 853).

What I said (p. 77) was that "Æolian" was possibly a corruption of "Achæan". I think that possibly, although the words may not be etymologically related, the former may have been a fabrication of Mysian or Phrygian natives, who found the word Ἀχαιοί not easy to pronounce; but I quite agree with Professor

Bury that it is "safer" to regard the Achæans and Æolians as distinct, though evidently nearly related.

I really do not see why such opinions should bring down on me a reprimand that vividly recalls the experiences of my early schooldays.

I am, Sir, yours truly,

H. B. COTTERILL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

21 September 1913.

SIR,—It was unnecessary for Mr. Cotterill to name his authorities. No one supposed his unaided reflexion had given birth to these monsters. Since he is abroad he should go a little farther afield, and have a talk with the youngest member of the British School of Athens. A scholar and gentleman may enjoy his classics in peace without bringing himself up to date; but when you set out to write a manual for the instruction of others more is needful than the purchase of books.

THE REVIEWER.

TRUTH ON THE STAGE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

S. Ives Bay, 19 September 1913.

SIR,—Your dramatic critic has reduced the drama to mathematics. Truth on the stage has no connexion with truth off the stage. The only truth on the stage is consistency; in other words, if what a character does or says necessarily flows from his premisses, truth is attained. It does not matter that a man on the stage be what no man ever was or could be, so long as he remains throughout the play the contradictory of a man. At this rate there can be no drama to approach Euclid's propositions. But to most of us a man suggests a man; and if a dramatist is going to exhibit a monster he should not call him a man. To the spectators he must necessarily be inconsistent with his premisses, which (by the name man) are admitted to be human. Playwrights, on your critic's principle, should call their characters points or straight lines or circles; in order that they may connote nothing. Thus will the entertaining truth of the stage be secured.

Yours, etc.,

ONLOOKER.

THE SPLIT INFINITIVE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Can any of your readers trace "the split infinitive" back to the eighteenth or even the seventeenth century? It is certainly older than many people—and some pedants—suppose. True, it is in Mr. Bernard Shaw and in George Eliot, probably in Meredith and Browning, and certainly in Matthew Arnold ("Lines written in Kensington Gardens"). I cannot recall it in Dickens or Thackeray. I can—somehow—not imagine it in Wordsworth. In Byron, of course, it is abundant.

The earliest example of it that I have found is in Scott's "St. Ronan's Well", where, if I recollect rightly, Captain McTurk splits an infinitive decisively.

Thus, roughly, we have reached and passed the centenary of the split infinitive. But what I want to discover is an eighteenth or seventeenth century specimen of it. Its origin, I suppose, was one of euphony.

Yours faithfully,

H. O. T. I.

"AH, ARE YOU DIGGING ON MY GRAVE?"

BY THOMAS HARDY.

"A H, are you digging on my grave,
My loved one?—planting rue?"

—"No: yesterday he went to wed

One in the prime of lustihead.

'It cannot hurt her now,' he said,

'That I should not be true'."

"Then who is digging on my grave?

My nearest dearest kin?"

"—Ah, no; they sit and think, 'What use!

To what will planting flowers conduce?

No tendance of her mound can loose

Her spirit from Death's gin'."

"But some one digs upon my grave?

My enemy?—prodding sly?"

"Nay: when she heard you had passed the Gate

That shuts on all flesh, soon or late,

She thought you no more worth her hate,

And cares not where you lie."

"Then, who is digging on my grave?

Say—since I have not guessed!"

"—O it is I, my mistress dear,

Your little dog, who still lives near,

And much I hope my movements here

Have not disturbed your rest?"

"Ah, yes! You dig upon my grave. . . .

Why flashed it not on me

That one true heart was left behind!

What feeling do we ever find

To equal among human-kind

A dog's fidelity!"

"Mistress, I dug upon your grave

To bury a bone, in case

I should be hungry near this spot

When passing on my daily trot.

I am sorry, but I had quite forgot

It was your resting-place."

REVIEWS.

THE ROYALIST REVOLUTIONARY.

"Mirabeau." From the French of Louis Barthou. Heinemann. 10s.

M. LOUIS BARTHOU has drawn for us a realistic portrait of the great Tribune of the '89 and has given us a vivid narrative of his tempestuous and tragic youth. Nothing, indeed, is spared. The cruel and irascible father, l'ami des hommes and the torturer of his own child, the selfish wife, the various mistresses, the indulgent Sophie, the devoted Yet-Lie, the "evil genius" Madame Lejay, are all presented to us in life-like forms. The minor amours of the hero are chronicled, his travels in foreign lands are related, and full justice is done to his stupendous literary activity. When, however, we arrive at the hour when the man whom the world had hitherto known as a spendthrift debauchee broke on its astonished gaze as the Gracchus of a great and successful revolution, our author's treatment of the subject is disappointing.

It may be true, as he says, that to write a full life of Mirabeau for this period would be to write a history of the National Assembly. M. Barthou would no doubt have greatly increased the bulk of his volume if he had undertaken such a task; but a detailed account of the debates of the Assembly from the pen of an accomplished French statesman would have been a great contribution to history. As it is, the author at the great period of his hero's fortunes ceases to be a biographer and becomes an essayist. In the concluding chapters, which touch on Mirabeau's secret relations with the Court, M. Barthou again becomes a true biographer, and these chapters are among the most interesting in his fascinating volume. Turning to the history of Mirabeau's career as a statesman we think that more might have been written on the ecclesiastical problem which the Tribune was forced to face, and which in our view he completely mishandled. But we find very little in the book on the ecclesiastical condition of France, though one very remarkable statement is made on the subject of the "Civil Constitution of the Clergy", that piece of doctrinaire craziness to which may be traced most of the religious strife that still afflicts Europe. "The National Assembly had made a clumsy attempt in meddling with affairs that did not come within the scope of civil authority. The civil constitution which it had drawn up was so opposed to ecclesiastical discipline that" to put it in force "could not fail to produce conflict, and what Edgar Quinet calls a 'fury in the dark'". It is refreshing to find a French statesman writing so correctly on the folly of men of '89. But Mirabeau was so utterly estranged from Christianity that he had no conception of the difficulties of the problem. "We are giving", he said after the proclamation of the civil constitution, "too much attention to the clergy." To many readers the revelation which this book gives of the absolute alienation of the great Revolutionary from the Catholic ethos of old France will be startling. Not only does the man disbelieve; he cannot realise the traditions or sentiments of the faith. He writes to his wife of the "civil contract" called "marriage"; he describes Catholics as the "rosary people"; even in his more moderate and responsible moments the best that he can say of religious worship is that it is "very necessary to the patriotic zeal of the people". The truth is that he, like most of his high-born contemporaries, believed Christianity to be a dying superstition, and for this reason he was unable to understand the attitude of sincere Catholics like Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette to his Church policy. If he came back to the world to-day nothing would startle him more than the Catholic revival in France. Even if his scheme for the rescue of royalty had succeeded, even if his poetical dream had come true and the daughter of Maria Teresa on horseback had saved the Bourbon lilies as her mother had saved the Hungarian crown, the solution of the religious question might yet have baffled him.

To mention that dream of Mirabeau, a popular monarchy, which lives still clear and fascinating and unrealised in the pages of the La Marck correspondence, is to raise again the most tempting and hopeless of riddles—could Mirabeau, if he had but lived one year more, have stayed the rush of the revolution and saved the Crown? M. Barthou, whose opinion is entitled to great consideration, answers that he could not. He believes that had his hero's plan been attempted events would have upset it in a brutal manner. Not that intrinsically it was entirely hopeless, "but that for an even partial success Mirabeau's personal activity, his motive force, his continual supervision were absolutely necessary. Limited as he was to the obscure position of secret adviser, he had therefore neither the esteem nor the confidence of those whom he was advising". Still, it might be rejoined, Mirabeau had led the National Assembly to victory in 1789 in spite of greater difficulties and misunderstandings. Perhaps Mirabeau's greatest asset in such a struggle would have been his political honesty. The word honesty in connexion with a man who lived in his youth the life of a profligate scoundrel tempered by tricks worthy of a big baby, and who as a statesman took money from the Court while he thundered for liberty in the Assembly, seems a contradiction in terms. But nevertheless the man possessed political principles from which no bribes could have turned him. He was essentially a royalist democrat, a man who believed that he was treading in the steps of Richelieu. The Church, the noblesse, the local Estates, the Parlements, the provinces, were to him simply mischievous anachronisms. His ideal was such a democratic monarchy as France saw realised in the consulate, but for such a monarchy a Napoleon, a Fouché, and a concordat with the Pope were necessary.

Passing to minor points, M. Barthou tells us something of the early history of the house of Mirabeau, but he considers that its claim to be descended from the Ghibelline Arrighettis who were driven from Florence in 1267 can never be settled. On the question of Lafayette's famous loan to Mirabeau, of which Mr. Belloc has written so brilliantly, he says little. "He" (Mirabeau) "received a loan of 50,000 francs partly from Lafayette, which he repaid." Lucky Lafayette!

As an English translation the book is readable, but some expressions jar. "In order to amend administrative bodies which had grown too complex" should, of course, have run "In order to reform", etc. And why when one is writing English should one call the Scheldt the Escaut?

EDUCATION AND PEDANTRY.

"Studies in Foreign Education." By Cloudesley Brereton. Harrap. 5s. net.

M. R. CLOUDESLEY BRERETON is well known in educational circles as an inspector who can speak with exceptional authority on foreign schools, for he has enjoyed what must have been an experience unique among Englishmen of spending more than a year as a pupil in a French lycée at the mature age of thirty-two. The present book consists of a reprint of reports and articles that have appeared either under the auspices of the Board of Education or in various periodicals, the connecting link being that they all deal with foreign, though mainly with French, systems of education. As the work of a man keenly conscious that the mission of education is to make men and not scholars, who by the variety of his experiences has rubbed off the insular contentment which is the note of our higher forms of education, Mr. Brereton's book appeals first to teachers and administrators, then to parents at large who, dissatisfied indeed with things as they are, do not know whether there is a remedy or whether the fault lies in the very nature of schools and boys. For, let us make no mistake, thinking men, both in academic and business circles, are profoundly dissatisfied with the English public school product at the

present time. Of course, we recognise fully that its best boys, who take honours at the University and pass on into the public services, are about as capable young citizens of the world as could be desired; but against the good report earned by these fine flowers of the system we have to set such an opinion as the Canadian derives from the public school boys he knows hanging about the bars of the Western townships. We must put aside the exceptions at the top and bottom and consider the rank and file. Then we find the public school boy possessed of considerable *savoir faire*, cheerfulness, and power of keeping his end up under conditions with which he is familiar—i.e. ordinary English life—though he is often unadaptable and self-distrustful when placed in novel surroundings. He is not afraid of work, has a sense of responsibility and discipline, and above all he possesses one great and cardinal asset—vitality, which generally pulls him through. But he is markedly unintellectual, and by this we do not mean that he is no student, but that he is unable to read so as to get at the point, and he cannot write his own language. He is unintellectual because while still moved only by his emotions and his prejudices he has imbibed a contempt for things of the mind, and has unlearned none of his natural tendency to despise people and modes of life with which he is unfamiliar. How far is the school responsible for this attitude? Not, of course, entirely, just as it cannot take the whole credit for the good qualities its boys display, their sense of honour and public spirit. Both good and evil are largely inherent in the class from which the boys are drawn, and are naturally developed in any self-contained society of the size of a public school; such social traits as freedom from self-consciousness, slowness to take offence, cheerful acceptance of penalties incurred and willingness to play the game even when losing, are school products for which the home has prepared the way. The school, however, is also supposed to be training the boy's mind, and must therefore in the main answer for the poverty of the boy's intellectual outfit. The curriculum counts for something—the narrow specialism which gives so much importance, we will not say to the classics, but to grammar and our peculiarly English conception of "scholarship". The English schoolmaster, whether in Latin or mathematics, neglects the end for the means; to him bookwork and grammar become final purposes, and he is so intent on making the foundations thorough as to ignore the fact that a building is only made thereon perhaps once in a hundred cases. In this pursuit of perfection to the letter the pace becomes incredibly slow, and a boy who is not in the first flight is kept to the end of his school days doing elementary work by elementary methods. Foreign languages which may more rapidly supply some measure of what Greek and Latin are intended to provide—contact with thought and society of a different type—are taught on the same lines of rigid scholarship; even English is made a dead language. The catchwords that have wrought the most damage in English education are "mental gymnastic", the idea of a training in vacuo that can be applied to any subject. Not so do the schools deal with games; cricket and football are learnt by playing them, not through a preliminary course of Swedish exercises, calculated though they may be to develop the capacities of each and every muscle. We are not asking for new subjects, nor even for the substitution of modern languages and science for Greek and Latin; only for a change in the current method, which only touches boys of such pronounced mentality that to them any exercise of their brains is acceptable. Mr. Brereton tells us that the idea of his future profession is put before the French boy while at school as a means of making his education more real, and he is above all things taught to write his own language, a matter which is very much left to chance in English schools. As a further instance of the way the French boy is called upon to interest himself in thinking, Mr. Brereton discusses the prominence given to the study of logic and philosophy in the last year of a French boy's school career, which may explain how it is that the French political speaker in his wildest flights of claptrap never allows himself the

childish type of argument of which the English member of Parliament is not ashamed.

But the atmosphere of the public school, so entirely concerned with games and the social round that boys coming from an intellectual home for a long time find themselves starved in it, is not wholly due to the curriculum, but in part to the masters. Now the English public school master is generally more concerned to avoid any suspicion of intellectualism, of donnishness, than to cultivate an atmosphere of it. He forgoes his brains and his education, and in his desire to be on terms with his boys he grows to talk and even to act as though sport was the whole of life. Of course, teaching is an exasperating business, fully earning its holidays; but it is not wholly to the credit of what should be both a learning and learned profession that so large a proportion of the frequenters of Alpine sport resorts in the winter and of fishing and golfing hotels at other seasons should be schoolmasters. Apart from sport it is probable that the public school master is too much occupied to keep his mind fresh; Mr. Brereton tells us that the maximum number of hours' class-work per week required of the French professor varies from fourteen in the highest forms to nineteen or twenty, and the professor has no further preparatory or disciplinary duties, both of which are entrusted to another class—the *maitres répétiteurs*, and *surveillants*. The great difference comes from the fact that the professor in a French school hopes to become a professor in (he is already a professor of) a university or a literary man—i.e. in his earlier professional years he is definitely aiming at an intellectual career—while the English schoolmaster hopes for a headmastership or at least a house, an administrative or business career. The mischief is done in these early years; the young master fresh from the University, even if his own tastes do not draw him towards athletics and the school organisation, finds himself frowned upon if he withdraws himself to pursue research or literature. No "shop" is so minute, so everlasting, so destructive in the end as the endless gossip about boys and their proceedings which goes on among the masters of a public school. We are sure that in the end masters would have more power and influence in all directions if they were known to be following some grown-up pursuit of their own and not spending all their spare time on the same level as their boys. For here is the miserable paradox—that never in our history have the public school masters been a more hard-working set of men nor more devoted to their boys, yet never have the results of their labours been of poorer quality. The conclusion is inevitable that there is something wrong with the machine when so much power goes to waste, and we may ask how and by whom reform is to be effected. It may be conceded at once that it cannot be effected by outside critics or commissioners or even by governing bodies; only those within the system know what can be made to work and what with the best will in the world must remain alien to the English schoolboy and parent. Nor will it come directly from the parent; whatever his opinions about the education of other boys, for his own he wants primarily admission through the public school into the great English "club"—that society with the country gentleman as its ideal, with cricket and verses as its shibboleths, with the Army, the Church, and the Bar as the only professions, though the Stock Exchange and other businesses are allowable provided they furnish sufficient leisure for sport. Nor are the present generation of headmasters likely to be instruments of reform; they have been selected by governing bodies intent on conserving the traditions of their school as they knew it, as the best examples available of the public school type, and are therefore with few exceptions entirely normal and entirely satisfied with their schools and themselves. The possible new factor that will make for reform is the expert inspection by the State that is now beginning. Mr. Brereton in his first essay, while explaining how in France the State is trying to recede from its position of excessive control and give its schools some autonomy, also tells us what steps have been

taken voluntarily by some of the great public schools here to invite the inspection of the Board of Education. We need not fear, with the temperament of our people, that the State can ever arrogate the dominance it has obtained in France or Germany, but the visits of inspection and the sympathetic advice of men who are thinking primarily about education and have necessarily a wider outlook than the teachers they meet, cannot fail to stimulate experiments and create an atmosphere in which reform will grow. As we said before, it is not this or that item of curriculum or organisation that has to be changed; a new spirit of intellectual seriousness has to be created. The achievement of the English public school in the past has been to make the boys largely self-governing and responsible as regards conduct; a new Arnold is required to extend the same principle to learning. Dangerous as it is for the outsider to make suggestions, we believe that something may yet be done to organise the boys to look after one another's work, and to create a tradition that it is equally bad form to slack in school as it is on the cricket field. Such a method is conformable to two prime facts in education—that one may learn but cannot be taught, and that one learns most thoroughly by trying to teach someone else.

But, putting aside this private speculation, one can most heartily commend Mr. Brereton's book to the public school master who is taking his profession seriously; he will find Mr. Brereton acquainted with the conditions under which he works and sympathetic with the ideals he holds. At the same time Mr. Brereton's foreign experience will supply that stimulus to thought which has always been provided, both in education and in life, by intercourse with other countries and civilisations. The greater part of the book is occupied with the long comparison of French and English secondary schools with which we have been concerned, and it is made more valuable by further studies of French education in the University, the infant school, and the village commune. In the latter essay we are sorry Mr. Brereton still retains the remarkable statement about the breakfast of the Rouen workman: "slices of bread served in a soup tureen containing a litre or half a litre of spirit. . . . The same soup is not infrequently served at the evening meal, and this is the fare the children are brought up on". It is not credible, but even if true to fact it is irrelevant, and must weaken the credence the reader gives to other more vital statements of Mr. Brereton. Finally, as a discussion of tendencies we commend the last two essays—one on the question of whether we should influence our schools in a French or German direction, and the other on American education, in which we find raised the problem, fundamental for our primary schools, as to whether their education should be designed to enable the child to rise out of its class or to become efficient in it. At present we have opted for the former, and are creating an army of clerks and typewriters as a set-off against the few chosen ones who rise to be functionaries, journalists, and even members of Parliament.

THE BLESSED SUN.

"The Samson Saga." By A. Smythe Palmer. Pitman. 5s.

SAMSON, the judge of Israel, has frequently scandalised the Christian commentators. They have often felt, and even suggested, an incongruity between the orderly progress of theocratic history in the Book of Judges and the uncouthly beautiful and entirely non-moral exploits of this heroic strong man. Samson, in the pages of scripture, resembles a boulder rock brought by an ancient glacier from another region and mysteriously left. It stands strangely out from the context. He is lonely among the great Hebrew figures. He seems scarcely to know Jehovah. Samson seems purely a heathen character. It is not that he goes after strange women and loses his hair to Delilah. David, who was a man after God's own heart, similarly erred, and the wisdom of Solomon was

eclipsed in a harem of seven hundred concubines. But in Samson's story the idea of righteousness, even of the secular righteousness which Matthew Arnold proclaims as the theme of Hebrew history, hardly enters at all. Samson is neither righteous nor unrighteous. He neither errs nor repents. He is magnificently of the earth, untroubled with consciousness of good and evil. He harks back to the days before Eden. He is strong as a lion and as free of the moral bond. In the toils of Delilah Samson, save to the sort of critic who regards the whole universe as the academic ethical exercise of a supreme Pedagogue, seems less a responsible moral person struggling with the sins of his heroic flesh than a beautiful wild beast caught in the hunter's net. Samson is man untamed before he had heard the message from Sinai. Even his rage against the Philistines, when the Hebrew chronicler actually claims that the spirit of Jehovah comes upon him, is not the rage of Elijah rebuking false prophets—still less of Christ driving out the moneychangers. It is not even the rage of a national hero on behalf of an oppressed people. It is the rage of a lion entrapped—or, at its most divine, the heathen, Berserker rage of a man in a frenzy of possession by the war-god. Samson with the jaw-bone runs amok. His whole life has the beauty of a savage god—a figure of mighty thews and glorious hair, lying in the lap of his leman within the enemy's stronghold by night, rising before day and grotesquely bearing away the gates of the city to a mountain top; setting riddles for his foes—the immemorial nature riddles common to every folk in childhood; a man of wars and feasts, of lusts and sudden rages. The solemn records of holy scripture pause at the story of Samson. He defeats their solemnity in outbursts of an almost primitive buffoonery. Samson, like Thor and Loki, is jovial and frolicsome. The Hebrews have made of him a Nazirite in name only. His greatest achievements are rude practical jokes at the enemy's expense.

Accordingly we are ready, upon internal evidence alone, to suspect that Samson, the judge of Israel, is less an historical figure of the Hebrews than the hero of myths older than the Pharaohs. Samson is older than morality. He goes back to the days of the most ancient idols—the idols that celebrated nature herself in all her indifference to the just and the unjust. Samson is Gilgamesh of the Babylonian epic, a sun-hero. The ancient sun myth, that runs through all the great mythologies, has been fastened upon a national figure of the Hebrews. Each element of the myth is disentangled by Dr. Palmer, traced to its source, compared in detail with kindred incidents of kindred tales. Though we feel that Dr. Palmer in the details of his thesis occasionally stretches a point too far, the evidence for the truth of his main contention is overwhelming. The folk-tales of ancient time, like the poets of every age, have given their hero or god of the sun a wealth of hair. The hairs of his head are his rays, of which he is shorn at the fall of day—the symbol of his strength. Samson's seven tresses are the golden locks of Apollo. Sun-heroes, too, had a way of being giants and judges in the land. They were afflicted with sudden rage as of the sun at noon-day. These primitive heroes made riddles also, for nature was thus interpreted, and this sort of wisdom fitted well the laughing, hilarious gods of the sun, revellers by right of birth. Then the sun is lonely in heaven, as Samson was ever lonely. Samson led no armies, but smote his enemies single-handed like a hero of the sun. Samson and the lion is not so easily interpreted. The myth has grown in subtlety. The beneficent sun-hero now slays the devastating emblem of his own burning ferocity. But, if the true course of the myth is here obscure, the figures are all of the solar family. The lion and the bee are equally creatures of the sun. The story of Delilah belongs almost wholly to the myth, hardly at all to Hebrew history. She is the weaver of darkness, shearing the sun of his rays. Samson in captivity, grinding fettered at the mill, is the sun at his immemorial diurnal labour, going through heaven like a tethered

slave. It has often been asked by a primitive people wherefore the mighty sun does not run about the heaven at his pleasure. Why does he move like a driven beast? Thus was first invented the myth of his being entrapped by foes and compelled to use his great strength in monotonous captivity. Then there are the gates of Gaza—the gates through which Samson passes into the hold of his enemies to issue again victorious. The gates of Gaza are by night the gates of sunset; by morning the gates of dawn. Is it wonderful that the sun in his strength should carry the gates of dawn and set them upon a mountain? When Samson is blinded he pulls down the pillars of the sky and passes away in the ruin of heaven, setting in blood. Thus, step by step, as we follow the Hebrew Judge, myth after myth, figure after figure, common stuff of the poetry of every age, akin with the legends and tales of tribes and races spread all over the world, passes in review. Samson is more than a national hero of the Jews. He is a mighty man of the Gentiles, suggesting an age that goes back beyond God's promise to Abraham, speaking the first syllables of poetry and saga to a lost antiquity—syllables that poets of every age have repeated and formed to a finer music. Perhaps the most striking feature of Dr. Palmer's able study is the idea it thrusts upon the reader of a deeper brotherhood among the poets of all time than they are able consciously to recognise. Shakespeare and Spenser and Milton, unknowing, repeat the images and ideas of myths that ran in Babylon. Thus Shakespeare repeats, though he knows it not, the language of the Vedas. "The sun, knowing the hiding place of the girls, rose up manifest", says the Rig-Veda; and Shakespeare:

"How well resembles it the prime of youth
Trimm'd like a younker prancing to his love".

The greatest poetry is of the same warp and woof to-day as when the sun-giant rose from the lap of Delilah, or when Ishtah afflicted Gilgamesh.

NOVELS.

"Sinister Street." By Compton Mackenzie. Vol. I. Secker. 6s.

DISTINCTLY we are going back to the methods of olden times, and it is the young authors who are the reactionaries. Mr. Compton Mackenzie, writing a novel, finds that "exigencies of commercial production" will not allow it to run to eight or nine hundred pages, but he discovers also that he cannot compress it into less space. Naturally he cuts his narrative in half, and the first part is with us now, the second being expected in January. In leisurely Victorian days people were accustomed to this sort of thing, but the new generation is not used to it. Complaints are likely to be heard of excessive length if there is a general return to an imitation of the old masters in the matter of quantity by those who cannot reach them in quality, yet in "Sinister Street" there are few pages which we would willingly miss. Its first volume is simply the life of a boy until the day when he goes up to Oxford, and the second is to give the next half-dozen years of his life. The book is crowded, perhaps overcrowded, with detail. Sometimes the author lands himself in vain repetitions, occasionally the elaborately described incidents seem to lead from nowhere to nowhere, yet the whole story holds one, partly because of its style, and partly because it conveys an air of reality. Stories of public school life are almost uniformly bad for the plain reason that the average boy acts, and often thinks, not of his own free will but in a way which is prescribed for him by others. This being so, the narrative of his days throws little light on character, and if it has been written with regard for truth it is probably deplorably dull.

Michael Fane, the boy of Mr. Mackenzie's tale, was not, however, subjected to the usual claustral discipline of mind and body. Going day by day to one of

the big public schools of London, and having no father at home to regulate his comings and goings, he fell under many influences which those others do not meet until their University years have begun. Something, indeed, he knew of the common joys of his more guarded contemporaries, but the things which chiefly aided his development were his amorous adventures and his excursions into religiosity. His circumstances, allowing him as they did to gratify his tastes in both directions, certainly seem exceptional, yet there can be no doubt that a vast number of boys have exactly similar inclinations. Michael therefore stands for a figure of youth unchained, and his case represents the alternative to ordinary rules of public school and home. As he seems to us a young creature seen in the mirror of life, it is interesting to watch whether he will become a fine and self-reliant man or make an early passage to the bounds which are not of Heaven; but, as far as we can at present see, the author does not think that his way of spending boyhood makes a great deal of difference. We leave Michael at the age of nineteen, and to-morrow he will be a freshman, but the sum of his experiences just about equals those of a newly made graduate; he has advanced three or four years beyond his time, and that is all. Mr. Mackenzie, then, has solved the problem, or has attempted to solve it, without recourse to sensationalism. With an elegance of manner he combines scrupulous realism, except perhaps in certain passages of dialogue where Michael repeats himself in commonplace slang to an extent abnormal in almost any boy. Does the author really think that a lad deeply, and even intelligently, impressed by Church ritual would describe a cope as "awfully decent" and a Benedictine Abbey as "awfully ripping"? This hearty good fellowship with ecclesiastical things is amazing; dalmatics we suppose were "top-hole", and the Abbot was probably a "nut". Apart from these conversational flaws there is little adverse criticism to be made of Mr. Mackenzie's style, which is usually good.

"The Way of Ambition." By Robert Hichens. Methuen. 6s.

HAS Mr. Robert Hichens at last escaped from his hothouse? If "The Way of Ambition" is to be regarded, not as an isolated instance, but as an example of his new manner, we can be hopeful. It certainly represents a fresh outlook on life and marks a distinct step forward so far as Mr. Hichens is concerned. There is hardly a trace of that taint of morbidity that has in the past permeated this author's books. There is the same deftness in creating an atmosphere, but it is no longer overlaid, perfumed, and exotic. We are given copious draughts of pure, fresh air. In craftsmanship, in clever handling of characters and situations, in sharp observation, in imagination and humour, "The Way of Ambition" excels any of the author's previous novels. Moreover, in it Mr. Robert Hichens definitely ranges himself upon the side of the idealist.

"What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" might serve as the motto of his story. To be oneself at all costs—that is the only chance for an artist. To believe in one's soul—that is the only chance for a man. The novel is, in fact, a biting comment on the mean and sordid standards of success that are so prevalent to-day. Mr. Hichens is on his own ground in depicting that particular pushing, semi-artistic clique of pseudo-smart society which is always on the look-out for celebrities to exploit. He has used this set in several of his novels; but, whereas previously he has written about these pushing second-rate people seriously, as if he took them at their own valuation, as if he thought they really mattered, he now turns and rends them and exposes them as the shallow, vapid creatures they are. He shows up the pettiness of their ideals, their ridiculous and vulgar worship of cheap success.

Charmian Heath, a very modern young woman, with a vaguely artistic soul and a passion for being "somebody", finding herself incapable of creative work,

determines to make her husband a celebrity. Previous to his marriage Claude Heath has been a musical composer of somewhat unusual talent, who has kept himself unspotted from the world, and has found his highest inspiration in religious themes, working in a room with a large ebony crucifix facing his piano. Charmian sets herself to "run" him.

Mr. Hichens gives an amusing and at the same time absolutely true picture of the well-meaning but really misunderstanding woman who will insist on elaborate preparations for her husband's work, and who only succeeds in drying up the fount of his inspiration. Charmian gives minute instructions that all the servants are to be very quiet while their master is at work—"the least noise disturbs him"—with the result that Claude becomes acutely self-conscious of the fact that five women are keeping quiet on his account.

But even though he escapes these domestic trials by taking a separate studio in which to work, Claude allows himself to be dominated by his wife and gradually led into the vortex of the feverish society in which it is her ambition to shine. Gradually we see the soul of the artist being undermined by the shallower yet stronger will of the ambitious woman of the world, until the climax comes in the production of a flashy, meretricious opera which is to bring him fame and popularity. And here it seems to us that Mr. Hichens misses his opportunity. Claude Heath's opera is a ghastly failure, and it is by failure that he is led back to the true paths of artistic creation. And yet surely it would have been a finer conception and one more in consonance with the suggested character of Claude Heath if, at the height of a popular success, he had deliberately turned his back upon it and returned to his nobler ideals.

The character of Charmian is particularly well conceived. She is an elaborate portrait of a certain type of modern woman, and she does not lack attractiveness. She is not vulgar in the ordinary sense, but she is superficial. She is a worshipper of success, and by success she understands some concrete achievement that shall find favour in the eyes of the world. She loves to be talked about, to be written about, to be the centre of things. Her one horror is to be one of the crowd, to be undistinguished. And Charmian desires all these things for her husband not from pure selfishness, for she is genuinely fond of him, but because she believes that these are the real things in life that are worth striving for.

"The Poison Belt." By A. Conan Doyle. Hodder and Stoughton. 3s. 6d.

People will believe anything to-day put into the slang of technical science. Precisely those readers who pride themselves upon believing nothing older than Copernicus will believe anything provided it is translated into the dialect of Priestley or Lord Kelvin. Hence the scientific romances of Jules Verne and Mr. Wells. Hence this story of the poison belt by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. A short preliminary incantation about Fraunhofer's lines and a cosmic disturbance of the spectrum, and we are suddenly run right into a universal coma of the human species. Sir Arthur is wise to be content with a minimum of scientific explanation. He just makes his story plausible for readers waiting to be deceived; and passes jauntily on to describe some of the amazing results of his *idée maternelle*. Deceive, deceive me once again! is the burden of all devout readers of scientific romances. To be deceived by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is not in this case altogether unpleasant. Perhaps the worst fault of the story is the author's frequent lapse into fortissimo comment upon the tale he tells, when he should leave it to look after itself and make its own effect. He continually insists that this is amazing, that this is awful, that this is strange, instead of recounting the amazing and awful and strange occurrence and leaving all the awe and the amazement to his readers. This is a good story for a short railway journey, or for a single evening after dinner. That it should be expected to appeal to a big public is satisfying evidence of the rapid spread of instruction in elementary science among the lay readers of

novels. Perhaps it is only fair to Sir Arthur and to readers who have already met the group that clusters about Professor Challenger, to announce that Professor Challenger is at home in the poison belt, his beard very black and big, his oddities accentuated rather than softened since his first appearance.

"Richard Furlong," by E. Temple Thurston (Chapman and Hall, 6s.), is a romance of art, love, and poverty in the author's usual style. The hero is a brilliant young egotist bent on painting immortal pictures, whilst the men and women who help him are all simple and rather stupid people. The death of the heroine ends the book, but Furlong's story is to be continued in Mr. Thurston's next novel.—**"Youth will be Served,"** by Dolf Wyllarde (Stanley Paul, 6s.).—There is a good deal of clear and clever writing in this tale of modern society, and its problem is concerned with the difficulties of a woman whose husband is constantly taken from her side by his professional duties. Although the plot is inclined at times to ramble, the author has avoided the obvious intrigues with considerable skill.—**"The Fool's Tragedy,"** by A. Scott Craven (Secker, 6s.), is the work of a new writer in a melancholy mood, yet the tale impresses us with a suggestion of power. Futile as the chief character seems, and disagreeable as is the woman to whom he is married, both appear to have been drawn from life or with a vivid imagination.—**"The Proof of the Pudding,"** by Edwin Pugh (Chapman and Hall, 6s.).—Mr. Pugh is versatile in his talents and a prolific writer who always contrives to be entertaining. In his new book he has mixed gaiety and mystery in about equal parts.—**"The Merry Marauders,"** by Arthur J. Rees (Heinemann, 6s.), is an amusing record of the adventures of a touring theatrical company in New Zealand. There is plenty of local colour, and the author seems to have a genuine and intimate knowledge of his subject, as well as a pleasant gift for narrative.—**"Green Chalk,"** by Doris Somerville (Lane, 6s.).—This is a tale of two men, one of whom painted pictures which the other signed. The book has a veneer of cleverness, and ends incongruously on the tragic note.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

"The Letters and Memories of Harriet Hosmer." Edited by Cornelia Carr. Lane. 12s. 6d. net.

This is the most brilliant, witty, and appealing biography that has appeared since the chatty memoirs of Lady Dorothy Neville. And those who are weary of the plethora of scandalous sensation which, hiding under the cloak of biography, has flooded the market of recent years, will rejoice in the memoirs of the world-famed Victorian sculptor. One is almost bewildered by the mass of charming letters and anecdotes of celebrities and classics of the day which are enshrined in the book. The Brownings are introduced at "hot chestnuts and mulled wine" at Casa Guidi, Mrs. Kemble "reads half a Shakespearean play", Hans Andersen tells the story of "The Ugly Duckling", Leighton, Eastlake, Rosa Bonheur, Gladstone, the late Queen of Holland, and a host of interesting folk pass through this history. We are shown a young and courageous artist's gradual ascent to Olympus while her mind was haunted by the exquisite forms of "the calm Olympian family", as Pater has it. So vivid and joyous a personality breathes from this book that it gives one a shock to realise that "Hatty" Hosmer died in 1908.

"Sidelights." By Lady Blennerhassett. Constable. 7s. 6d. net.

"Sidelights," by Lady Blennerhassett—who is known to those who know about these things as one of the most learned women in Europe—is a volume of reflective biographical and historical articles. They deal with many interesting subjects, in a quiet, analytical fashion, ranging from the siege of Paris, Taine's "Study of Napoleon", Spanish Studies, Marco Minghetti, and the Risorgimento, our viceregal life (under the régime of Lord and Lady Dufferin), down to Claude Fauriel's correspondence with Mary Clarke, and an essay on Chateaubriand. The most fascinating chapters in the book, however, are the ones on "that blameless gentleman", Sir Joshua Reynolds; the other on "Count Reinhard, a German in the Service of the French" in the time of the dauntless Napoleon, which somehow recalls Pater's "Imaginary Portraits" for sheer delicacy, and also the portion portraying the life of a pampered, neurotic young Russian heiress and artist, Marie Bashkirtseff, who kept a most remarkable diary, although she died early from consumption. Gladstone wrote an article about her in the "Nineteenth Century" in 1889. Lady

Blennerhassett's study of Marie Bashkirtseff's unnatural, hypersensitive, hysterical, and yet wholly artistic character is matter for the reflective reader, who gleans his morals from the bitter experiences of his fellow men and women.

"Lutterworth." By A. H. Dyson. Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.

In a breezy manner, unencumbered by too many learned details, yet marked throughout by a sense of scholarship, this book narrates the history of the little Leicestershire town which has won renown through its association with John Wycliffe. A resolution of the Council of Constance took upon itself "to curse the memory of John Wycliffe, and to order his bones, if they could be discerned from those of the faithful, to be taken out of the ground and cast out of Christian burial". In obedience to this decree Richard Fleming, Bishop of Lincoln, the diocesan, sent his officers to exhume the body (from Lutterworth Church). Tradition has it that they came by night, and, breaking into the grave in the chancel, carried away every bone of the rector, passing, as they went out, through the priest's door in the south wall of the chancel still known as "Wycliffe's door". Outside they formed a procession, and in this manner bore the bones to the side of the river at the south entrance of the town, where they burnt them, casting the ashes into the stream. The book traces the story of Lutterworth from the days when the Romans marched along the Great North Road; past the ruthless Angles who scattered the Jutes and Saxons in the realm to the four winds; through the ages of the gaunt Normans and the troubled time of Charles, and the staunch Royalist Countess, "Su of Denbigh", down to this quiet day.

"Love and Lovers." By Orme Balfour. Laurie. 3s. 6d. ret.

Mr. Orme Balfour has written a kind of psychological and modern sequel to Ovid's "Art of Love". Mr. Balfour vivifies love, and one rather rebels at his scientific handling. His book gives one the feeling wherewith the ardent collector inspires one when he is about to transfix some gossamer butterfly with a pin. The dainty diaphanous wings flutter, the little body writhes, the wings are shorn of their golden dust that loved the kisses of the sun; thenceforth it becomes a rigid, immovable "specimen" stuck over a label in a case of wood and glass. "Every kind of love", begins Mr. Balfour, "however ethereal it may seem, springs entirely from the instinct of sex—indeed, it is absolutely this instinct, only in a more definite, special, and individualised form".

"The Meaning of Art." By Paul Gaultier. Allen. 5s. net.

M. Paul Gaultier strives to reveal the purpose and symbolism underlying diverse expressions of art. In his hands every great masterpiece becomes a visible emblem, he reveals the motives of its creator's soul; the emotions which clamoured for life in his heart, and which appeared in his handiwork. As Emile Boutroux remarks in his preface to the volume, "Beauty reigning alone and illuminating the world is a transfiguration of things, a mystical vision which disperses the sunshine of the real life; and its memory never fades". The book will be appreciated by all who follow art, for it is an earnest exposition of art in its utmost complexity. It is well illustrated throughout with prints whose subjects range from Giovanni Bellini's "Virgin and Child" in the Louvre down to Memlinc's "Seven Joys of the Virgin" and Leonardo da Vinci's lamented "Mona Lisa" with her subtle, jocund hands.

"The Holy Land." By Robert Hichens. Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.

Although Mr. Hichens sometimes gives the idea of one who goes about deliberately registering impressions, there is no denying his picturesque gifts. He has a faculty of absorbing the sensuous elements of scenes and places and describing them in highly coloured, luscious language. Occasionally he defeats his own end by an over-accumulation of gorgeous detail, but generally he is very happy and vivid. No other writer has done so much to bring home to the reader the subtle, languorous fascination of the East. In "The Holy Land" he is at his best. He gives us of his essence. He writes of Baalbec, "the Town of the Sun", of Damascus, of Nazareth and Jerusalem, of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. And he writes of them as a lover with a charm and lingering fondness that are quite irresistible. He can still smell the perfumes of Pan, and is keenly alive to his spirit—the spirit that "still lingers among the tangled undergrowth, the oaks, the olives, the rank henbane, and the wild flowers that gather about the sparkling waters of Jordan, cool, clear, and touched with a gleam of silver as they leap from the orange cliff where the great god was worshipped, and propitiated with sacrifice, in the days that are a legend, but that still stir the imaginations of men".

"The New Encyclopædia." Edited by H. C. O'Neill. Jack. 7s. 6d. net.

It is no use kicking against encyclopædias and their kind. It is no use calling them *βιβλία ἀβιβλία* and classing them with dummies of Rapin's "History of England", which are not books at all, not even things in book clothing, but part of hidden library doors. For encyclopædias have come to stay. They are a solid, a stolid British tradition. Besides, truth compels one to confess that they are frightfully, desperately interesting, if in an incautious moment one takes to reading them, not merely referring to them. Messrs. Jack's encyclopædia is surely the champion at the price. For seven and sixpence you have 1626 pages. We have not read them all; but, referring to various subjects at random, one is shocked and cast down at one's own colossal ignorance. There seems to be something here for everybody about everything—miles and miles, perhaps, of print!

Nobody has a better right to give us cheap editions of George Eliot than Messrs. Blackwood. They alone can give us the copyright editions of "Adam Bede", "Mill on the Floss", "Silas Marner", and they have just reprinted these three in five volumes, 1s. net each volume, admirable in print and paper, and extremely cheap.

"Revue des Deux Mondes." 15me Septembre.

There is a brilliant article in this number by M. Hanotaux on "History and Historians." Of historians by name he says nothing, though he generalises to the extent of laying it down that the ancients remain the supreme models because they were able to write with absolute sincerity and simplicity. In this Macaulay and other critics of the highest competence agree with him. As to more modern individual examples, perhaps modesty forbids him to specify. But having justly earned fame, alike as a statesman and administrator and an historian, M. Hanotaux has the right to advance the theory, in which again most competent authorities agree, that, given the power of writing and dealing with authorities, the statesman of experience is the best historian. "The statesman who has been trained on history avoids the error marked on the map of the Past. The historian trained by experience of public affairs ignores the complicated trifles with which the intellectually curious amuse themselves. His step is firm and goes straight to the point." The latter proposition is truer than the first. But has M. Hanotaux forgotten what that sagacious statesman Sir Robert Walpole said: "Read me anything but history. That I know to be untrue"?

BOOKS RECEIVED.

ART.

History and Methods of Ancient and Modern Painting (James Ward). Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d. net.

BIOGRAPHY.

Father Stanton of St. Alban's, Holborn (Joseph Clayton). Wells Gardner. 2s. net.

Famous Artists and Their Models (Dr. Angelo S. Rappoport). Stanley Paul. 16s. net.

General Sir Alex. Taylor, G.C.B., R.E.: His Times, His Friends, and His Work (by his daughter, A. Cameron Taylor). Williams and Norgate. Two vols. 25s. net.

FICTION.

Born in Blinkers (M. Oston), 6s.; Scarlet by Fate (Jeannette de la Val), 2s. net; What the Sea Divided (L. Liotard), 1s. net. Murray and Evenden.

Writ in Water (Sydney C. Grier); Thakur Pertab Singh and Other Tales (Sir Charles Crosthwaite). Blackwood. 6s. each.

Youth will be Served (Dolf Wyllarde); Quadrille Court (Cecil Adair). Stanley Paul. 6s. each.

The Players (Sir William Magnay, Bart.). Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.

The Boomerang (E. Katharine Bates). Holden and Hardingham. 6s.

Higgs!—and Potter (Beard Francis). Drane. 3s. 6d.

Libby Ann (Sadie Katherine Casey). Heimemann. 6s.

Gold Lace (Ethel Colburn Mayne); Lord London (Kebble Howard). Chapman and Hall. 6s. each.

The Wiles of Wilhelmina (Florence Warden); In Queer Street (Fergus Hume). White. 6s. each.

A Flutter in Feathers (George Chater). Wells Gardner. 6s.

No Place Like Home (John Trevena). Constable. 6s.

Notwithstanding (Mary Cholmondeley). Murray. 6s.

Fairfax and His Pride (Marie Van Vorst). Chatto and Windus. 6s.

GIFT BOOKS.

Three Easily Staged Musical Plays in One Act for Boys and Girls (written and arranged by E. Elliot Stock, with incidental music by Ernest Brumley); The Pied Piper, Jim Crow, The Magic Chest, 2s. 6d. each; The World of a Child (M. V. Woodgate), 2s. net. Ouseley.

Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales (illustrated by W. Heath Robinson), 10s. 6d. net; Shakespeare's Sonnets; Songs from the Plays of Shakespeare (with initials and borders illuminated by Edith A. Ibbes), 2s. 6d. net each. Constable.
In the Grip of the Wild War (G. E. Mitton). Black. 3s. 6d.
The Hungarian Fairy Book (Nándor Pogany). Fisher Unwin. 6s.
The Golliwog News (Philip and Fay Inchfawn). Partridge. 2s. 6d.
Godmother's Stories: New Legends to Old Rhymes (Mrs. H. F. Hall). Nutt. 6s. net.

HISTORY.

The Most Honourable Order of the Bath (Jocelyn Perkins). Pitman. 7s. 6d. net.
English Taxation A.D. 1640-1799 (William Kennedy). Bell. 7s. 6d. net.

LAW.

The Commercial Laws of the World. Vol. xxv. Central Europe. German Empire. Sweet and Maxwell. 42s. net.

REFERENCE BOOKS.

The New Encyclopædia (edited by H. C. O'Neill). Jack. 7s. 6d. net.
The National University of Ireland: Calendar for the Year 1913. Longmans.

REPRINTS.

The Golden Bough: A Study in Magic and Religion. Part vi. The Scapegoat (J. G. Frazer), 10s. net; Psyche's Task: A Discourse Concerning the Influence of Superstition on the Growth of Institutions (J. G. Frazer), 5s. net. Macmillan.
The Charm of Edinburgh: An Anthology (compiled by Alfred H. Hyatt). Chatto and Windus. 5s. net.
Everyman's Library: The Divine Providence (Emanuel Swedenborg); William Ewart Gladstone (George W. E. Russell); Life in Mexico (Mme. Calderon de la Barca); A Century of Essays: An Anthology of the English Essayists. Dent. 1s. net each.
Handbook for Travellers in Scotland (edited by Scott Moncrieff Penny). Stanford. 10s. 6d. net.

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Economics as the Basis of Living Ethics: A Study in Scientific Social Philosophy (John G. Murdoch). Constable. 8s. 6d. net.
Wireless Telegraphy and Telephony without Wires (Charles R. Gibson). Seeley, Service. 2s. net.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

Historical Geography of Scotland (W. R. Kermach). Johnston. 2s. 6d. net.
Dialogues of Roman Life (written and adapted by S. E. Winbolt). Bell. 2s.
Victor et Victorine (Madame J. G. Frazer). Macmillan. 1s.

THEOLOGY.

Introduction to the Books of the New Testament (Willoughby C. Allen). Edinburgh: Clark. 5s. net.
Members One of Another: Sermons Preached in Sherborne School Chapel (Nowell Smith). Chapman and Hall. 5s. net.
Sunday School Lessons: The Acts of the Apostles (A. R. Rivers), 1s.; Sunday School Scholars' Repetition Papers: The Acts of the Apostles (A. R. Rivers), 2d. Wells Gardner.
Rome, St. Paul, and the Early Church (W. S. Muntz). Murray. 5s. net.

TRAVEL.

An English Girl in Tokyo (Teresa Eden Richardson). Ouseley. 2s. net.
A Leisurely Tour in England (James John Hissey). Macmillan. 10s. net.
Umbria, Past and Present (Mary Lovell Cameron). Sidgwick and Jackson. 6s. net.
Things Seen in Oxford (Norman J. Davidson). Seeley, Service. 2s. net.
The Desirable Alien: At Home in Germany (Violet Hunt and Ford Madox Hueffer). Chatto and Windus. 6s.

VERSE AND DRAMA.

Odes and Other Poems (L. E. Smith). Methuen. 3s. 6d. net.
The Education of Mr. Surrag: A Comedy in Four Acts (Allan Monkhouse). Sidgwick and Jackson. 1s. 6d. net.
Collected Poems (A. E.). Macmillan. 6s. net.
Odd Numbers (Dum-Dum). Constable. 3s. 6d. net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Art in Short Story Narration (Henry Albert Phillips). Larchmont, New York: Stanhope-Dodge. 5s. net.
Book of the Ball, The (A. E. Crawley). Methuen. 5s. net.
Coming Day, The: A Story of Inevitable Social and Industrial Progress (Wm. T. Burkitt). Drane. 1s. net.
English Church in Stockholm, The (compiled by Rev. J. Howard Swinstead). Stockholm: Tryckeriaktiebolaget. Ferm. 1.25 Kr.
Fairies—Here and Now, The (S. K. Littlewood). Methuen. 2s. 6d. net.
Higher Nationality: A Study in Law and Ethics (Viscount Haldane of Cloan). Murray. 1s. net.
Ireland of To-day. Murray. 10s. 6d. net.
Mounted Police of Natal, The (H. P. Holt). Murray. 10s. 6d. net.
Outlines of Railway Economics (Douglas Knoop). Macmillan. 5s. net.

Press and Its Story, The (James D. Symon). Seeley, Service. 5s. net.

Publications of the American Sociological Society. Vol. VII.—The Conception of Human Inter-Relations as a Variant of Social Theory. 6s. net. Cambridge: At the University Press.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES FOR SEPTEMBER.—North American Review, 1s. net; Neale's Monthly, 25 cents; The Indian Journal of Medical Research, 2 rupees; Book Prices Current, 4s.; The Open Court, 6d.; The Journal of English Studies, 1s. net; International Theosophical Chronicle, 6d.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES FOR OCTOBER.—The Cornhill Magazine, 1s.; The Fortnightly Review, 2s. 6d.; The Moslem World, 1s.; Blackwood's Magazine, 2s. 6d.

FORTHCOMING PUBLICATIONS.

Mr. John Murray has ready for publication "Matter, Origin and Personality", by Mr. J. S. Haldane, the brother of the Lord Chancellor, being an examination of what for want of a better phrase may be termed "the mechanistic theory of life"; "The Nature and Origin of Fiords", by Professor J. W. Gregory, the aim of which is to show that fiords cannot be explained by glacial action; a new edition of the well-known "Handbook for Travellers in India, Burma and Ceylon"; a "History of the Royal Society of Arts", by Sir Henry Trueman Wood; and Miss Mary Cholmondeley's new novel, "Notwithstanding". Of particular interest at the present time will be Mr. Bevil Tolle-mache's study of "The Occupying Ownership of Land", which has a preface by Mr. Rowland Prothero, the agent of the Duke of Bedford's estates. The book is described as "an analysis of the position of the tenant farmer and some suggestions on the creation of the peasant owner".

Among the volumes which Messrs. Macmillan are issuing within the next fortnight are another illustrated travel volume by Mr. J. J. Hissey, entitled "A Leisurely Tour in England"; the annual volume illustrated by Mr. Warwick Goble, who has on this occasion devoted his art to the collection of fairy stories by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman"; and a poetic drama entitled "Tristram and Isolt", by Martha Kinross. Of wider general interest are "Songs from Books", a collection of all the poems and chapter-headings which are scattered throughout Mr. Kipling's books, and the volume on Jane Austen, by the Vice-Provost of Eton, which will fill what has hitherto been a noticeable gap in the "English Men of Letters" series.

Mr. Heinemann announces for immediate publication a collection of fifty caricatures, showing "Max" at his best work; "Personal and Spiritual Reminiscences" of the late W. T. Stead, by his daughter; a large volume with 500 plates, dealing with "Louis XVI. Furniture in France", by Monsieur S. de Ricci, one of the authorities on the period; an historical study of "Art in Spain and Portugal", by M. Marcel Dieulafoy; and a volume on "Lightships and Lighthouses", by F. A. Talbot, in the "Conquests of Science" series. Mr. Byam Shaw is the illustrator of a book for children, by Flora Annie Steel, entitled "The Adventures of Akbar", a true story of a little lad who lived to be perhaps the greatest king this world has ever seen.

Mr. John Lane's announcements for next month include a collection of forty-four drawings in colour and in black-and-white by the artist who desires to be known simply as "Alastair"; a biography of "The Beautiful Lady Craven", afterwards Margravine of Anspach and Bayreuth and later Princess Berkeley of the Holy Roman Empire, by A. M. Broadley and Lewis Melville; a volume on the life and works of Charles Conder, with a complete catalogue of his lithographs and engravings, edited by Mr. Campbell Dodgson, the Keeper of the Print Room of the British Museum; a collection of 198 letters written by Mrs. Piozzi to Mrs. Pennington during the years 1788-1821, edited by Mr. Oswald Knapp; and an account of "The Greatest House at Chelsea" (built by Sir T. More in 1520 and demolished by Sir Hans Sloane in 1740), by Mr. Randall Davies. Mr. Lane also announces new volumes of poems by Richard Le Gallienne and Stephen Phillips.

Among Messrs. Longmans' announcements are "The Strange Story Book", by Mrs. Andrew Lang, the last of the twenty-five volumes edited by the late Mr. Andrew Lang in his well-known series; "Old Testament Rhymes", by Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson; "A Point of View", by the Rev. A. C. Bouquet; "Indian Historical Studies", by Professor H. G. Rawlinson; "The Making of the Australian Commonwealth", by B. R. Wise; and "The Pilgrim from Chicago", more "rambles by an American", by Christian Tearle.

FINANCE.

THE CITY.

THE Stock markets have been particularly uninteresting this week, which is rather disappointing now that the holiday season is ended. The undertone has been good, and in some quarters hopes of an active autumn are entertained. As far as the Stock Exchange itself is concerned, these hopes are doubtful of fulfilment. The explanation of the dulness may be found in the success of the recent new issues. The investing public rarely gives its attention to new and old securities at the same time, and when the new issues are being absorbed the old ones are generally more or less neglected.

Yet a great deal of encouragement may be derived from the success of this week's capital emissions. Harrod's (Buenos Ayres) Company was promptly supplied with subscriptions considerably in excess of the £1,200,000 required, which indicates a very satisfactory demand for good-class industrial shares. The City of Ottawa loan of £189,000 was scarcely large enough to test the absorptive power of the investment market, and its immediate over-subscription was only to be expected in view of the high credit of the capital city of the Dominion of Canada. The result of the Victoria Government £3,000,000 4 per cent. loan was not so good, 53 per cent. of the total being left to the underwriters; but in point of fact this was not at all a bad ratio, seeing that 4 per cent. issues have to meet the competition of excellent investments bearing a higher rate of interest. There has even been a good demand for the new Oil shares issued, although the public has had bitter experience of such concerns in the last few years.

The investment power of the public is now considered adequate to absorb a large number of important issues. Canada is in the market for £3,000,000, of which £1,700,000 is to meet maturities. The City of Edmonton wants £900,000, for which the authorities are prepared to pay a good rate of interest. The Marconi Company needs £250,000 to carry on its programme, and is in the happy position of being able to issue the shares at a premium of 225 per cent. The decision to create a further 250,000 shares at the same time is an intimation that the directors anticipate further extensions at a later date.

Although it looks as if the autumn will provide plenty of business for the issuing houses, there is no immediate danger of congestion of new securities. The underwriters and the public have had a good rest, which has permitted an accumulation of investment money, and the reaction in trade should release a greater amount of money for investment. But the arrangements for new issues naturally give the stock markets an anaemic appearance. Selling by French operators during the last few days is partly attributable to preparations for the Balkan loans which are under negotiation, but which, it is said, will not be floated until the big issue of French Rentes has been made.

The settlement of the labour troubles at Liverpool and Birmingham imparted a better tone to Home railway stocks without increasing the supply of buying orders to any notable extent. Canadian Pacifics have become rather erratic, and the American market seems likely to remain in an unsettled condition until it is definitely known whether the Union Pacific directors mean to distribute a "melon" or not. So far there is no reason to withdraw the opinion that no such distribution is probable at present. In the Foreign railway market the interim dividend of 4 per cent. on Arauco shares and the increase from $4\frac{1}{2}$ to 5 per cent. in the United of the Havana dividend are pleasing fulfilments of anticipations.

As regards mines, one unhappy feature is the disclosure of the Boma Tin fiasco, which seems to deserve investigation, though that would not bring back the money that has been lost. The Nigerian Tin department is particularly unfortunate in this respect. Among Rhodesians it may be noted that the Globe and Phoenix

Company reports the striking of a rich reef in the thirteenth level of the new shaft.

In the Rubber section a firmer tone prevails, owing to the belief that an improvement in the price of the commodity has set in. The increase of the dividend of the Seaport Company from 7 to $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. is an agreeable contrast to the many recent reductions of dividends by important companies. In Oil shares the settlement of the strike at Grosny has not had much effect; but among industrial stocks the report of the Associated Portland Cement Company has created a good impression.

Consols (Thursday's closing) $73\frac{3}{8}$ - $73\frac{1}{4}$, for cash and for the October account.

Bank rate $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. (Reduced from 5 per cent., 17 April.)

INSURANCE.

AUSTRALIAN MUTUAL PROVIDENT SOCIETY.

MANAGEMENTS of the best colonial life assurance institutions are in one respect most wide-awake; the yearly reports issued by them contain much information likely to arrest the attention of readers; whereas here conciseness is made the chief aim, attractiveness being seldom in evidence. A few of our home reports probably appeal to ordinary individuals, but the majority consist of a bald recital of facts, and are consequently interesting to experts alone. Which of the two methods is the wiser may be disputable, but most policy-holders would presumably prefer to receive fairly exhaustive reports, such as are sent out by the Australian Mutual Provident Society.

This old and tried society has always made a point of giving full information concerning its work, and it has undoubtedly proved more successful than any other life office established within the British Empire. Dating from the year 1849, it is now about sixty-four years old, but at the end of 1912 there were 274,418 policies in force in its ordinary department; the sums assured, including bonuses, were £91,933,987 and £79,989 per annum in the way of annuities; the revenue from premiums, etc., was £2,449,075; the accumulated funds amounted to £29,735,245; and interest had produced £1,312,915 during the twelve months. Moreover, an important industrial assurance business existed—90,481 policies for sums amounting to £3,085,038, and

(Continued on page 406.)

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carrying premiums of £193,708, being in force, protected by £272,413 in the shape of departmental funds.

Only one home office—the Prudential—reports more imposing totals, and its business is ill-adapted for comparison, having been built up by entirely different methods. Excluding that popular concern, the "A.M.P." Society to-day holds a long lead; and this is not likely to be shortened, owing to the magnitude of its new transactions, which are fostered by the sensational bonuses regularly declared. Last year the directors received over 30,000 proposals for ordinary assurances, and completed 24,485 policies for a net amount of £6,928,950; while the new premiums obtained were £321,264, including £102,585 by single payments. This new business was the largest transacted by any British life office, and it resulted in the following additions being made to the business in force: 14,644 to the number of policies, £4,362,198 to the original sums assured, and £127,514 to the annual premiums.

Whether this Australian Society, which has gradually extended its operations from New South Wales to Victoria, to New Zealand, to Queensland, to South Australia, to Western Australia, to Tasmania, and to the United Kingdom, will continue to expand at the same rate as during the last few years, or faster, remains to be seen, but it has certainly made wonderful headway of late, something like £11,000,000 having been added to the assurance funds during the ten years, while the business in force and the income from premiums and investments have increased by more than 50 per cent. Even in this country, where direct representation has not long been possessed, very considerable progress appears to have been made, as in 1902 the sum assured (ex-bonuses) on the London register was £777,786, and had only increased to £1,135,738 in 1907, whereas the 1912 return showed a total of £2,914,718, inclusive of bonuses; moreover, the percentage of that amount to the total in force had steadily risen to 3.16 per cent.

A fairly important business is, as a fact, now being transacted here, and its quality can be judged from the average amount of the 4491 policies on the London register—namely, £649; also from the further fact that a premium income of £82,868 was possessed by the London office on 31 December last. In New South Wales the average per policy is £349; in Victoria, £289; in New Zealand, £344; in Queensland, £372; in South Australia, £301; in Western Australia, £375; and in Tasmania, £364. These comparisons testify to the probable ultimate importance of the connexions which are being formed in the United Kingdom. At present, no doubt, the premium income raised here is comparatively small—somewhat less, indeed, than in Tasmania—but the opportunities for a really sound office in this country are undoubtedly great, and the "A.M.P." Society is unquestionably sound at all points. In its ordinary department the effective rate of interest earned last year was £4 12s. 5d. per cent., while the expenses absorbed only 13.76 per cent. of the actual premium receipts. Furthermore, the annual valuation, made with 3½ per cent. interest, for policies issued prior to 1 January 1903, and at 3 per cent. for subsequent contracts, disclosed a surplus of £1,113,526, of which £929,526 was divided. This amount, plus £7445 paid as interim bonus, represented 38.9 per cent. on the participating assurance premiums received during the year, and equalled the return made for the preceding year, 1911.

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